PENTHOUSE

#SOCIAL MEDIA ISSUE

UNDER THE INFLUENCE
WITH POWER COUPLE
LENA THE PLUG & ADAM22

+

GARY VAYNERCHUK
MELISSA STETTEN
WONDERHUSSY
JACKSEPTICEYE

YOUTUBE ON A TIGHTROPE

KEVIN CHILES
THE HIP-HOP HUSTLER

JOE DEROSA ON DELETING HIS TWITTER ACCOUNT

WELCOME TO THE
NEW-LOOK NBA

+

NEW LIFE FOR OLD VIDEOGAMES

NOVEMBER PET
LACY LENNON

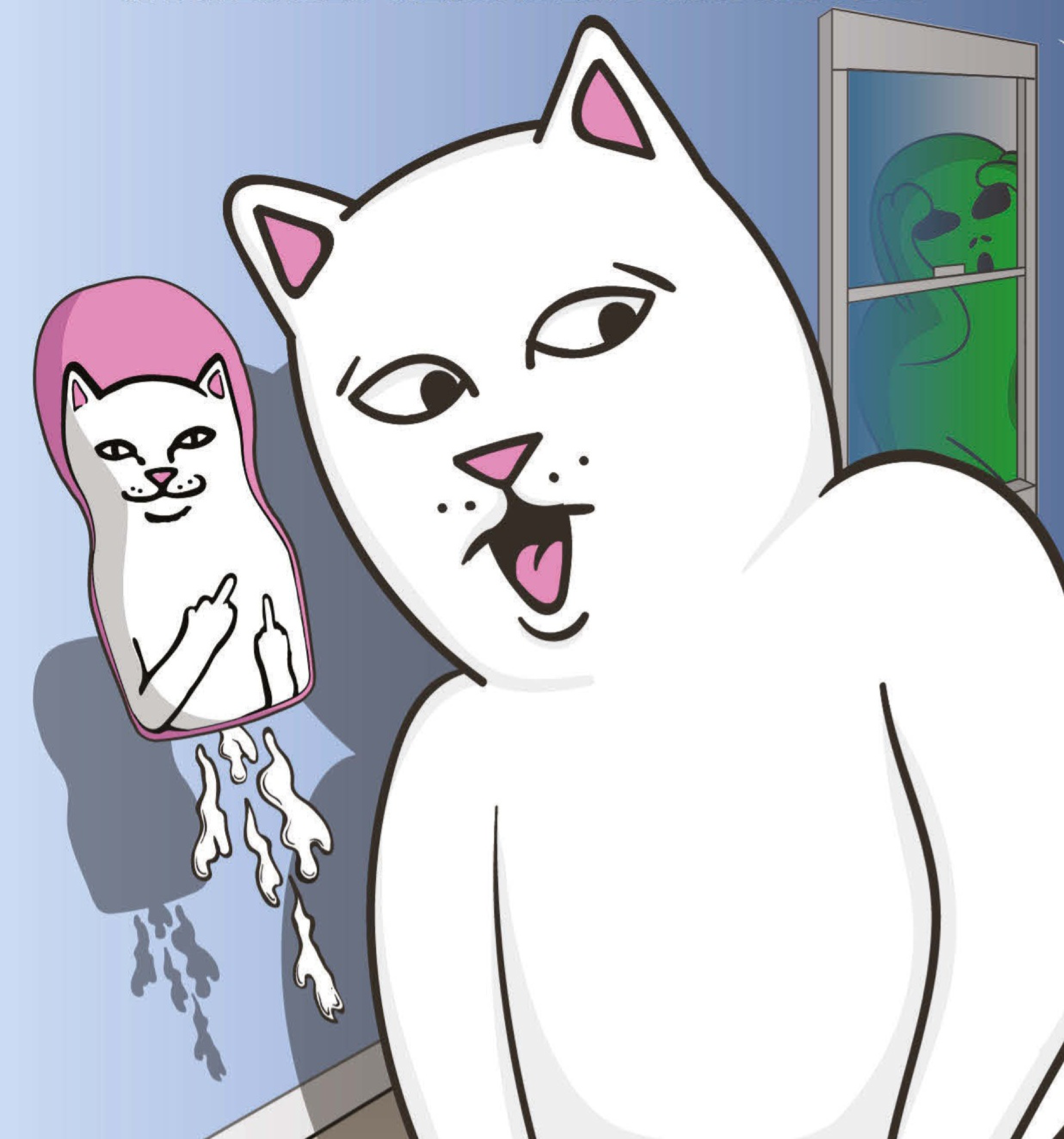
+

DECEMBER PET
ANNY AURORA

PENTHOUSE.COM
NOV/DEC 2019
$13.99 U.S.
$14.99 CAN
12
0 74666 02242 3

DONT FORGET TO LOCK YOUR DOOR

A FRIENDLY REMINDER FROM RIPNDIP



PENTHOUSE

Yours now with the touch of a button...

PENTHOUSE GOLD PENTHOUSE MAGAZINE

the online world of
PENTHOUSE®
GOLD
MAGAZINE
LETTERS
VAULT
VARIATIONS

PENTHOUSE VAULT PENTHOUSE LETTERS PENTHOUSE VARIATIONS

PENTHOUSE®

PUBLISHER
Penthouse World Media LLC.

CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
Angela Derasmo

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
Mish Barber-Way

CREATIVE DIRECTOR
Matt Westphalen

MANAGING EDITOR
Sarah Walker

FEATURES EDITOR
Phil Hanrahan

COPY EDITOR
Pat Tomlinson

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS
Joe DeRosa, Seth Ferranti,
Matt Gallagher, JaggerXTC,
Paul James, Sean Neumann,
Jenny Nordbak, Barbara Pizio

GRAPHIC DESIGNERS
Victor Gonzalez, Mike Hallquist

FEATURED ARTISTS
Todd Francis, Porous Walker

IMAGE SPECIALISTS
Zack Korn, Christine Bishop

CONTRIBUTORS
Ryan Calderon, James Charles, James Douglas, Antonin Kratochvil, G. Holland, Amanda Edwards, Mike and Kit on VIMEO, Kaspars Grinvalds, Katygr5, Luma Kirau, Aneese, Marta Design, Halfpoint, Florida Chuck, Enrique Arnaiz LaFuente, Liezl Estipona, Martin Gero, Ollyy, Pathdoc, Mikeledray, Roman Samborskyi, Ink Drop, Monstar Studio, CRM, Photoagent, One Inchpunch, Vgstockstudio, Olivier Le Queinec, Carolina K. Smith MD, Pixxart, Jay Mourad

PRINT PRODUCTION COORDINATOR
Victor Gonzalez

NEWSSTAND CONSULTANTS
Willett Associates - Philip & John Willett

CUSTOMER SERVICE
Palm Coast Data
PO Box 420525
Palm Coast, FL 32142
penthouse@emailcustomerservice.com
800-289-7368

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICE
8944 Mason Avenue
Chatsworth, CA 91311
310-280-1900

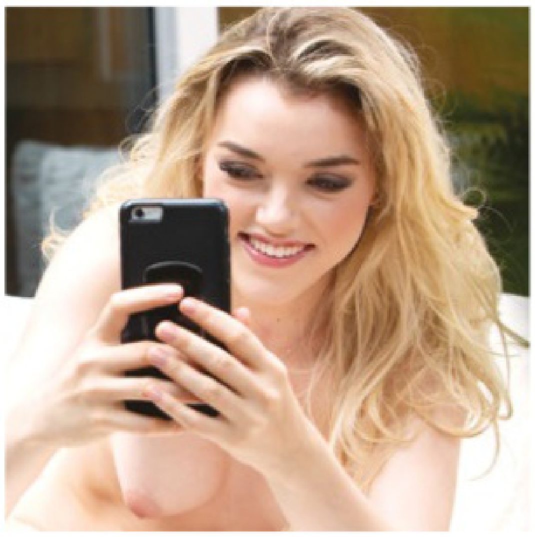
ENTERTAINMENT/ LICENSING OFFICE
8944 Mason Avenue
Chatsworth, CA 91311
310-280-1900
licensing@penthouse.com

PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD
Founded March 1965 by BOB GUCCIONE

Copyright Penthouse World Publishing LLC., all rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form, or by an means – electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise – or stored in any retrieval system without the written permission of the copyright holder and the publishers. Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome and must be submitted via email; no typewritten traditional mail submissions will be accepted. Names and addresses must be included with all correspondence. Penthouse does not accept responsibility for lost editorial or photo submissions. All unsolicited submissions remain the property of Penthouse.

SUBSCRIPTION INQUIRIES
800-289-7368

PENTHOUSE.COM



FROM THE EDITORS

SOCIAL media in 2019 is a kingmaker, a zone of opportunity, and—let's be honest—a more than occasional pain in the ass. These days, whole careers can be built, and millions of dollars made, via YouTube and Instagram, as demonstrated by YouTube's biggest star, Felix Kjellberg, aka PewDiePie, a 29-year-old Swede with 101M subscribers, a history of content controversies, and a nose-thumbing style that has earned him fans all over the world. His road to riches began in the simplest of ways: posting videos of himself playing videogames, laughing, screaming, and joking.

Kjellberg shows up in "YouTube on a Tightrope," a potent feature documenting YouTube's struggle to find the right balance between platform openness and monitoring for offensive, abusive, and harmful content. The company's been buffeted again and again as it tries to forge the correct path forward, with observers on both the political left and the right watching closely. At its best, YouTube is a place where a brilliant creator like Anthony Fantano, the "Roger Ebert of music reviewers," can rise to prominence. Fantano talks to us about YouTube, as does the outspoken transgender YouTuber Blaire White.

In "Power Couple," we visit with curvaceous social media entrepreneur Lena Nersesian, aka Lena The Plug, 2018 Pornhub Celebrity of the Year, and Adam Grandmaison, aka Adam22, founder of the influential hip-hop podcast and video series "No Jumper." In "#Insta Gorgeous" and "#Social Pets" we meet a bevy of beauties enlivening Twitter and Instagram. Speaking of beauties, don't miss our stunning Pets, flame-haired Lacy Lennon and German-born Anny Aurora. Nude model and intrepid YouTuber Sarah Jane Woodall, aka Wonderhussy, details her rambles in the Southwest, and we share the compelling story of internet guru, social media ace, and hard-charging CEO Gary Vaynerchuk.

With all the off-season trades and signings, it's a new-look NBA, and beautiful basketball junkie Melissa Stetten helps us launch the season. Dust off those old Nintendo cartridges—retro gaming is taking off, as this issue's Gaming column reveals. In Embrace the Suck, Matt Gallagher looks at the sometimes bumpy interface between social media and the military. And comedian Joe DeRosa tells us why he bailed on Twitter.

We even travel back in time to a world before social media, in "Ascent of a Hip-Hop Hustler." Seth Ferranti interviews Kevin Chiles, founder of *Don Diva* magazine, and a guy who soared to the top of the 1980s drug game. He tells a riveting tale of guns, gangs, and cash.

Thanks for reading and we'll see you next issue!

– Team Penthouse
hello@penthouse.com

WORLDWIDE
FASTEST GROWING
SEXUAL WELLNESS
BRAND

Satisfyer

VISIT SATISFYER.COM

Satisfyer 1
NEXT GENERATION
19,95 USD
SATISFYER vibes
YUMMY SUNSHINE
49,95 USD
SATISFYER partner
19,95 USD
SATISFYER rings
PLUS VIBRATION
29,95 USD

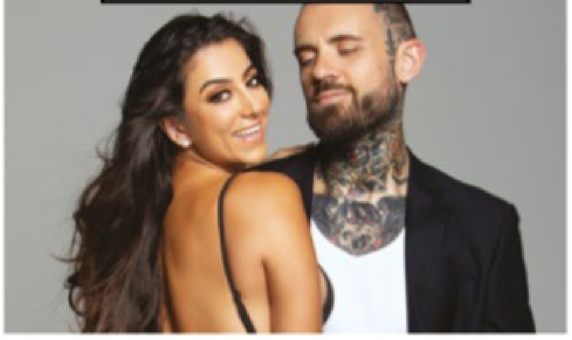
discreet purchase,
obvious pleasure

available at
amazon
Adam & Eve
adamandeve.com
lovers
Lover's Lane
PLEASURECHEST
Babeland
PinkCherry
Good Vibrations®
www.goodvibes.com
ROMANTIX

NOVEMBER / DECEMBER 2019
PENTHOUSE®

54. NOVEMBER 2019 PET
LACY LENNON

FEATURES



36. **YOUTUBE ON A TIGHTROPE**
Advertiser pull-outs, content scandals, controversial stars, and political backlash–will things get any smoother for the platform in 2020?
By Phil Hanrahan and JaggerXTC

82. **POWER COUPLE**
Social media entrepreneurs Adam22 and Lena The Plug claim they're "so fucking boring." Legions of fans might disagree.
Interview by Paul James

112. **ASCENT OF A HIP-HOP HUSTLER**
Before his fall, *Don Diva* founder Kevin Chiles soared high in the eighties drug game.
Interview by Seth Ferranti

COLUMNS

10. **FORUM**
This issue's reader exploits.

15. **ELEVATE**
News stories to inspire, educate, entertain, and other good things.

20. **PENTHOUSE ON THE TOWN**
VidCon 2019, the world's biggest, baddest hive of online talent.

24. **MAN OF THE MOMENT**
Digital guru, social media ace, and motivator Gary Vaynerchuk.

26. **CRUSH**
YouTube adventuress Sarah Jane Woodall, aka Wonderhussy.
Interview by Sarah Walker

28. **NEW LIFE FOR OLD GAMES**
Retro gaming has exploded, thanks to live streams and record-breaking gamers.
By Sean Neumann

30. **GAME ON**
Basketball junkie Melissa Stetten on the new-look NBA.
Interview by Phil Hanrahan

71.
DECEMBER 2019 PET
ANNY AURORA

WHAT'S INSIDE

32. **THE VAULT**
A look back at some of our favorite erotic pictorials.

46. **#INSTA GORGEOUS**
We shine a light on some of Instagram's most heavenly bodies.

54. **PET OF THE MONTH**
Our November 2019 Pet of the Month, Lacy Lennon.

71. **PET OF THE MONTH**
Our December 2019 Pet of the Month, Anny Aurora.

98. **STOCKS AND BONDAGE**
"Naughty Wife." Erotic fiction by Jenny Nordbak

100. **#SOCIAL PETS**
For these Pets, social media is more than business—it's about engaging with fans in real time.

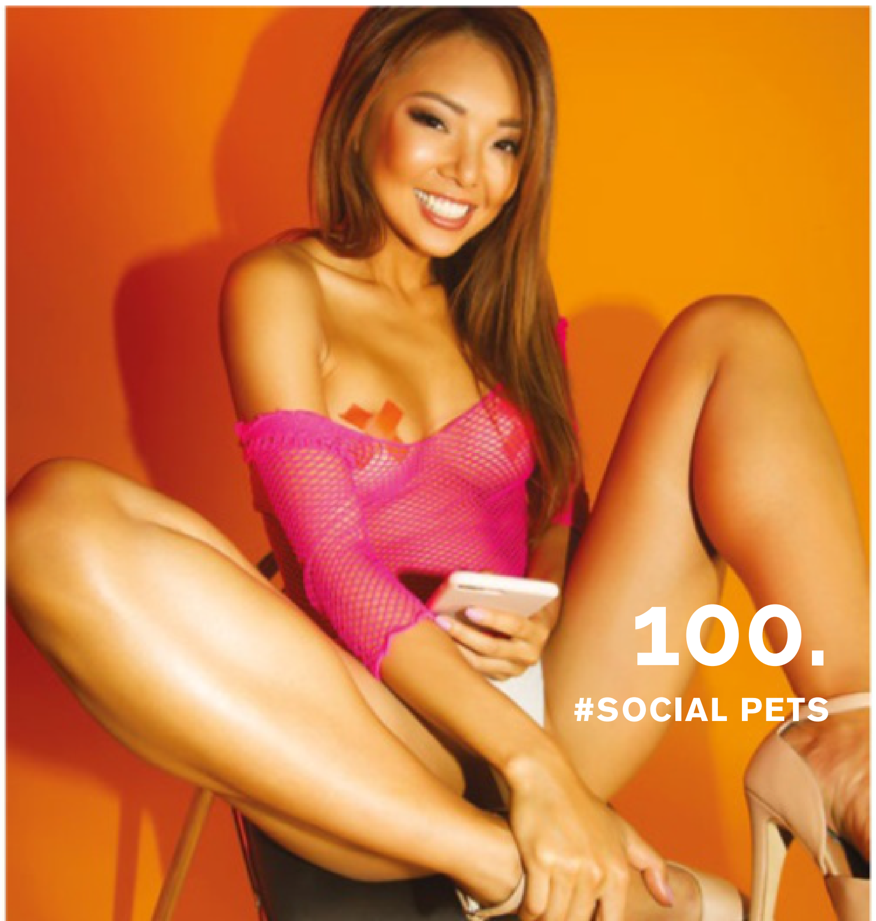
108. **I DEACTIVATED MY TWITTER ACCOUNT...**
And you can, too! By Joe DeRosa

128. **EMBRACE THE SUCK**
Social media and the forever war. By Matt Gallagher

134. **PARTING SHOT**

32.
THE VAULT

46.
#INSTA GORGEOUS



WHERE THE *MAGAZINE* COMES TO *LIFE*

The PENTHOUSE Club™

BALTIMORE | BATON ROUGE | DETROIT | HOUSTON | NEW ORLEANS | SAN FRANCISCO | TAMPA
MOSCOW | PERTH

penthouseclubs.com

LETTER OF THE MONTH

Carnival KINKS

My boyfriend and I spent a day at an amusement park that had a gondola-style cable car that travels from one end of the property to the other. It served as both a ride and a method of transportation. By our second trip across the park, we grew a bit bold with our behavior inside the tiny private car. During our third trip, my frisky ass decided to see if I could make Zack have an orgasm over the course of our ride. →

I set my plan into action the minute our car swooped out of the loading dock. The top half of the car was almost entirely comprised of windows, enabling riders to check out the park during their ride, but the bottom was solid metal, hiding anything—or anyone—that might be on the floor.

Confident that no one would notice what I was doing, I slid off the tiny bench and onto the floor of the car, settling in between Zack's legs.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"What does it look like?" I countered.

I closed my fingers around the zipper pull on his jeans and tugged at the tab, drawing it all the way down. The sound of its metal teeth pulling apart seemed to echo throughout the tiny enclosure, highlighting the illicit nature of what I was about to do.

Looking up at Zack from beneath lowered lids, I made certain he was watching me when I slipped my hand inside his pants. I skimmed over his growing bulge, overshooting it just a smidge so I could open up the handy little slit that split the front panel of his underwear.

Zack's whole body jolted when my fingers first came into contact with his rock-solid shaft. I ran my hand over his warm, velvety skin, offering him a brief taste of what it would feel like when I wrapped him in my fist.

I'd just curled my fingers around Zack's girth and freed him from his boxers when a stiff breeze kicked up outside. The cable car began swaying, tilting our bodies left and right. Undeterred by the interruption, I reached out and grabbed hold of the bench to steady myself, then I lowered my head and placed Zack's crown between my parted lips.

My guy let out a long, loud groan as I eased his dick between my lips. My mouth watered for him, aiding me in my endeavor to pump his shaft in and out as quickly as possible.

As the wind died down and our car's journey became smoother, I moved my hand from the bench to Zack's balls. He always did get riled up when I played with his sac, and now his calm demeanor flew right out the window.

The second I touched his balls, Zack started to wiggle in his seat. I was having a lot of fun watching him lose control over little more than a light brush of my fingertips.

Then his hips hitched, lifting his ass off of the bench and moving his balls just out of my reach. Of course, this new position presented other opportunities.

Before Zack could set his ass back down on the seat, I slipped my hand underneath him and caressed the delicate span of skin that stretched from his nuts to his asshole. He was warm and perfectly pliant, making it oh-so-simple to stimulate the area. I pressed against the soft flesh, working my fingertips in a circular motion to massage him.

I loved having the power to make Zack fall to pieces using little more than my mouth and hands.

Zack sucked in a breath through his teeth, creating a long hissing sound that got right under my skin. His ass rose a tiny bit higher off the seat, shoving his dick even deeper into my mouth so the tip tapped at the back of my throat, imploring me to relax and open up to him.

As I worked to open my mouth wider to accommodate his girth, the car shuddered as it moved through a support tower and back onto the cable. My teeth grazed his shaft's silken skin, gently arousing the nerves underneath.

Zack was practically panting now. Hot puffs of air ruffled my hair every time he let out another breath. His legs vibrated from the tension that coiled in his muscles, making his thighs flex against my rib cage.

Knowing that it was my actions that kept Zack grunting with satisfaction was intoxicating. I loved having the power to make him completely fall to pieces using little more than my mouth and hands.

Zack settled back on the bench by that point, leaving me just enough space to sneak my hand further back to his asshole. He was particularly sensitive there. Just a little bit of pressure applied to his backdoor was guaranteed to make him shoot come straight down my throat.

Using the saliva that had seeped from my lips and dripped down Zack's shaft and balls, I lubed up my finger and circled the puckered hole. As I moved to slip my finger inside, the car jostled, changing the angle at which Zack's dick thrust into my mouth.

A frustrated grunt rumbled in his chest. Zack grabbed hold of my head and tangled his fingers in my hair. With his hold on my head secure, he braced his feet on the floor and fucked my mouth with reckless abandon.

When the car started to wobble on the cable, I had no choice but to regain control of the situation. Using my fingertip, I toyed with Zack's asshole some more, providing a quick shock of pleasure that inspired another groan and a change of pace.

Once Zack's hips had stilled, I increased my pressure on his asshole, sliding my finger inside him slowly so his body could tell me how far to go. Gradually, his inner muscles relaxed enough for me to venture in further.

Rather than push that single digit deeper, I decided to add a second finger to the mix. Zack's hips lifted off the bench again as I eased it inside him. Once both digits were seated comfortably, I sank in past my joints, not stopping until my knuckles bumped against the rim.

Keeping my hand tucked tight beneath Zack's ass, I turned my attention back to his dick and balls. I dragged my tongue over his sac, making sure I'd swabbed every inch before moving up to his shaft.

That's when I switched things up a bit, trading the flat of my tongue for its fine-point tip. I traced my way around the base of

Zack's dick, mapping every inch of his girth. When I reached a sensitive patch of skin, his whole body twitched, creating a ripple effect that reached his asshole.

Spasms rocked Zack's body from the inside out. His muscles rolled over my fingers, gradually increasing their grip on me. At the same time, the tension in Zack's balls continued to grow. He was hot, tight, and incredibly sensitive. The slightest stroke of my fingers was enough to make his hips buck.

Zack's body seemed ready to burst. Though my mouth provided all the wetness I needed to suck him off, his own pre-come flowed freely onto my tongue. The tangy taste of his natural lubricant filled my mouth, mixing with my own saliva to slicken my tongue and the inside of my cheeks, allowing me to glide up and down his length quickly.

Quite a few times I pulled my head up so fast that the crown of Zack's dick nearly escaped my lips. Whenever that happened, I'd pause from pistoning his shaft into my mouth and pay special attention to his bell-shaped head instead.

I should mention here that the crown of Zack's cock is one of the largest I've ever seen. It's super-sensitive, too. I love to trail my tongue along the ridge where its flared head meets the shaft. The tip of my tongue fits his crown's plump edge just so, providing the perfect track to glide around his girth.

After plotting a path around the circumference of Zack's crown several times, I allowed myself to wander further south, following the vein that bisects the underside of his dick all the way down to its base. I repeated the pattern a few times, enjoying the little grunts and groans that fell from Zack's lips with every stroke of my tongue.

Hearing how I affected him never failed to drive me wild. His reactions were the most powerful aphrodisiac, and I wanted more.

Eager to lead Zack to an explosive finish, I moved my hand from his sac to his shaft and curled my fingers around the base. His skin was still nice and slick from my mouth, making it easy to slide my fist along his length.

Ready to get my mouth back in on the action, I relaxed my jaw and took him deep, stopping only when my lips brushed against my fingers. Now that I had the entirety of Zack's dick covered, I made my mouth and hand work in tandem.

Zack was so close to coming I could taste it. I hummed my appreciation, creating a vibrating sensation that rippled over his skin. The inside of Zack's asshole twitched again. Each spasm was stronger and harder than the last, gripping my fingers that were still nestled inside him.

When I crooked those fingers, I triggered an explosion that caused our car to shake on the elevated cable track. He shouted so loudly that the people in the park below must have heard him.

He was just in time, too. As Zack's hot come spurted into my mouth, the car began to dip and slide closer to the loading dock. Using my fist, I pumped his dick into my mouth until the very last drop of his semen touched my tongue.

The cable car was fully descending now. I could hear the murmuring crowd of people waiting in the queue to board the ride. I sucked up Zack's jizz, swallowing as much as I could. Then I lifted my head and licked the remnants from my lips and his softening shaft.

We managed to tuck Zack's dick back into his pants just before the car swung into the loading area. The ride operator winked and smiled at us as he opened the door, which is when I finally noticed the tiny security camera in the corner of our cable car. Whoops!

–A.P., San Diego, California

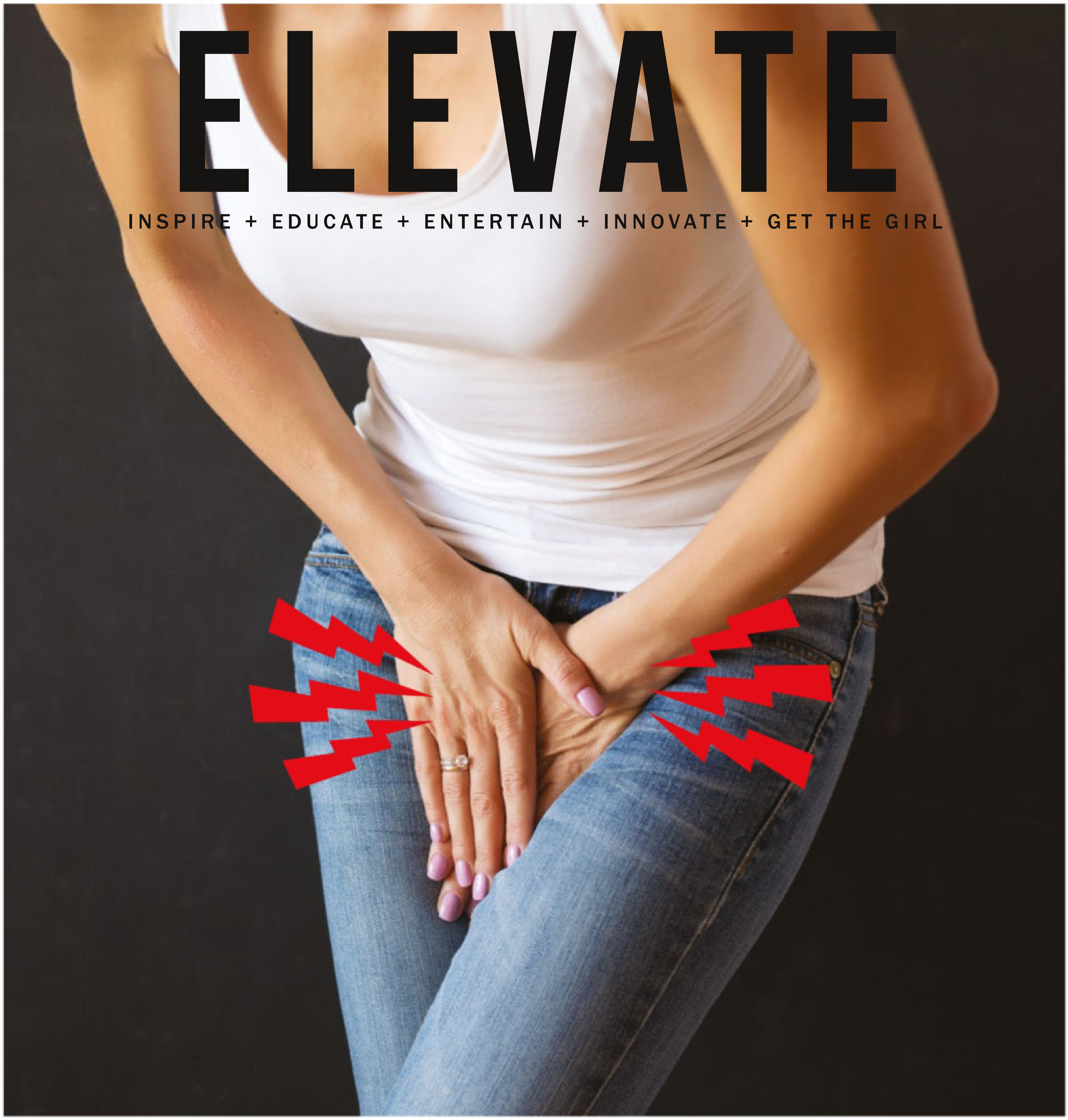
Seeing is believing. When you've had the encounter you've been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to: *Penthouse* magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email us at letters@penthouse.com.

FUCK IT

HUF

ELEVATE

INSPIRE + EDUCATE + ENTERTAIN + INNOVATE + GET THE GIRL



WOMAN PLAGUED BY "UNCONTROLLABLE ORGASMS"

SHED A TEAR FOR POOR MARIA, a 61-year-old widow from East Dunbartonshire, Scotland, who fears her never-ending orgasms might kill her. Granted, there are women out there who would love to have even one orgasm, much less an endlessly looping assembly line of them. But Maria claims that it's torture.

"You've got this great arousal but it's not going anywhere or triggered by anything…. Most of the time I feel like I am sitting on an ant's nest. There are times where it's a tickle all day, but then something sets it off and it's a full-blown orgasm…. Ninety percent of my life has been wrecked and the other ten percent is not so great, either," she told *The Herald* in July.

Maria says her symptoms began after a "rough" gynecological exam in 2017, when a doctor got a little too aggressive with a speculum, resulting in nerve damage in her perineum. She has sought legal restitution for the hyper-orgasmic condition she contends the doctor's recklessness induced in her, but British medical authorities say her claims are unfounded.

Little is known about Persistent Genital Arousal Disorder, a rare condition once known as Persistent Sexual Arousal Syndrome. Officials swapped out "sexual" for "genital" because in cases such as Maria's, the constant orgasms are a source of agony and give zero sexual pleasure.

Since Maria and others claim there is no sexual arousal involved, some say the condition should be renamed either "Persistent Genital Vasocongestion Disorder" or "Restless Genital Syndrome." Symptoms include itching, burning, pounding, and vaginal lubrication. And a single orgasm rarely alleviates the problem—it often takes multiple orgasms over several days to make the discomfort go away. It can be triggered by everyday things such as hearing music; Maria laments that attending a Shania Twain concert once induced multiple orgasms:

"I don't know how many women could say they went to a Shania Twain concert and that made them reach orgasm…. People shouldn't have to go through this and be ridiculed. It's far from funny…. Some women have taken their own lives.... To be honest, there are days I wish I wasn't here."

PHOTO: KASPARS GRINVALDS / SHUTTERSTOCK

D
DUKE CANNON SUPPLY CO.
BIG ASS BRICK OF SOAP
LEAF & LEATHER
FRESH CUT PINE
CAMPFIRE

BIG-ASS BRICKS OF MANLY SOAP

THE BEST THING about Duke Cannon's line of Big Ass Brick of Soap bars is that not only can you wash off dirt and sweat, you can use them to knock out an opponent in hand-to-hand combat.

They aren't the size of actual bricks, but compared to every other dinky bar of soap we've used in our lives, this is the tallest, widest, and longest bar of soap we've ever seen. It's basically the porn star of soap bars.

The Duke Cannon company, which manufactures the soap in a family-owned plant that was used to supply U.S. soldiers with soap bars during the Korean War, says they intentionally matched the size and shape of the giant soap slabs issued to the troops back in the early 1950s. They claim the only distinction between their soap and the military soap of yore is that Duke Cannon's Big Ass Brick of Soap smells better. Featured scents include Bourbon, Beer, Campfire, and Leaf & Leather.

According to their website, they first test their products on modern American soldiers:

"Duke Cannon hails from a simpler time. A time when the term 'handyman' was redundant. A time when chivalry and patriotism weren't considered old-fashioned. A time when you never put the word 'salad' next to 'bar'.... Duke Cannon's purpose is simple: to make superior-quality grooming goods that meet the high standards of hard-working men. Our products are tested by soldiers, not boy bands."

Duke Cannon also sells Solid Colognes (imagine if cologne came in the consistency of shoe polish), Thick Exfoliating Shower Soaps, and Trench Warfare Body and Foot Powder, which is designed "to keep you cool and dry in your trenches."

Duke's namesake company will go no further than to identify or describe the mysterious "Duke Cannon" as "a good American dude." Whoever this shadowy figure from the past is, he has clearly time-traveled into our modern world to get you clean and smelling good without making you feel like a sissy about it.

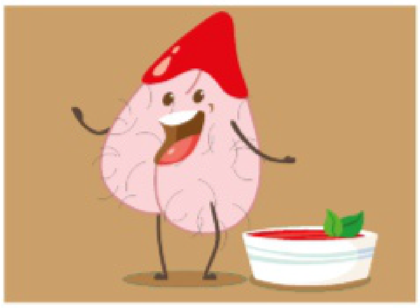
BAD TIP LEADS TO TESTICLE DIP

HERE'S A GOOD REASON to throw in a decent tip if you order food online from a joint a half hour away: If you don't, someone might soil your food with their balls.

On the flip side of this unsavory equation, it's just as wise, if you're the one retaliating scrotally, to not video yourself in the act and post it online. You could wind up arrested, jailed, and having your mug shot posted for all the world to see. You'll always be known as *that* guy.

A 31-year-old Tennessee man named Howard Matthew Webb has been arrested and charged with felony "adulteration of food, liquids, or pharmaceuticals." According to an arrest warrant from the Maryville Police Department in Tennessee:

"Webb produced a video showing Webb placing his testicles in a salsa container and is heard laughing and stating, 'This is what you get when you give an 89-cent tip for an almost 30-minute drive.'"



CHEESECAKE FOR THE WORLD'S STRONGEST MAN

BRIAN SHAW IS BUILT like a tank and is able to deadlift more than half a ton. The behemoth has won the World's Strongest Man competition four times.

Naturally, he wouldn't be able to perform any of these feats of strength if he merely nibbled on kale and bean sprouts paired with the occasional snifter of organic wheatgrass. So what does this human rhino eat every day?

Shaw consumes seven meals totaling around 12,000 calories daily—a caloric intake roughly six times that of the average human being who isn't able to pull an oak tree out of the ground with his bare hands.

To get those ridiculous muscles potent enough to snap steel cables, Shaw scarfs down over 700 grams of protein every day, nearly 13 times the average adult's recommended daily allowance. From sunrise to sunset, he stuffs his maw with eggs, peanut butter, Cinnamon Toast Crunch, protein shakes, granola bars, pasta, grass-fed beef, ground turkey, potatoes, and the occasional vegetable (just for the appearance of fairness).

He also saves room for dessert, gobbling down at least three slices of cheesecake every day.

"I'm just eating to be the strongest human being on the planet," Shaw explains. Well, that or you're trying to give yourself a big bad tummy ache, tiger.

IMPROVING WOMEN'S SEX LIVES WITH...TESTOSTERONE?

TESTOSTERONE

WE HAVE BEEN TOLD since childhood that boys play with fire trucks and girls play with dolls. Likewise, we've been taught that men need testosterone and women need estrogen.

But the truth is far more complicated. Both men and women need estrogen and testosterone to function sexually, and a new study suggests that testosterone therapy may boost the sex drives of postmenopausal women.

From ages 25 to 45, women's testosterone levels plummet by 50 percent on average, often leading to a loss of desire as well as difficulty in lubricating and reaching climax.

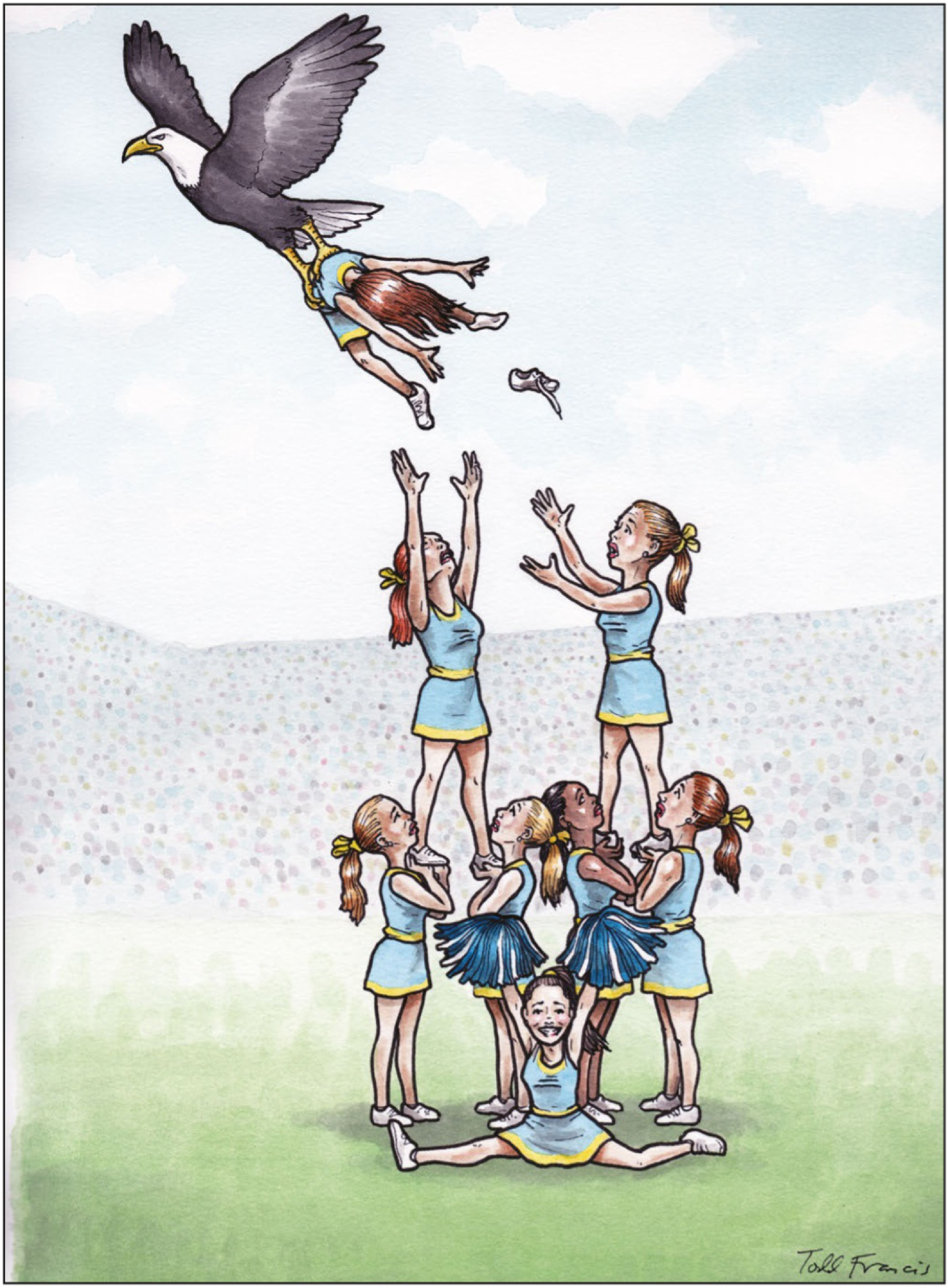
In a paper published in medical journal *The Lancet* that examines over a dozen studies of nearly 4,000 "naturally and surgically" postmenopausal women, researchers found that testosterone supplements "significantly increased" desire, pleasure, arousal, frequency, orgasm, and self-image in postmenopausal women.

"Some women who have regular sexual encounters report dissatisfaction with their sexual function," says Professor Susan Davis from Monash University in Australia, "so increasing their frequency of a positive sexual experience from never, or occasionally, to once or twice a month, can improve self-image and reduce sexual concerns, and may improve overall well-being."

Due to a risk of elevated cholesterol levels with oral supplements, women are encouraged to "juice" with testosterone gels, creams, and patches instead. There's also the possibility of slight weight gain, which doesn't seem too bad so long as it turns a gal into a sex-crazed she-wolf again.

Professor Davis laments that the medical industry has yet to market testosterone supplements tailored to women's needs, seeing as how the ladies need only about a tenth of the testosterone that men do. It's wise to heed her advice and develop more woman-friendly T supplements, because it probably doesn't take too much extra testosterone to turn a she-wolf into a wolfman.

PHOTOS: KATYGR5; LUMA KIRAU; ANEESE; MARTA DESIGN / SHUTTERSTOCK


Todd Francis

SERBIAN BEAUTY OPTS FOR MUCH OLDER GUY

EITHER THERE ARE NO virile young men in Serbia, or 74-year-old Milojoko “Mikan” Božic is packing a freight train in his pants.

The randy septuagenarian is engaged to 21-year-old Milijana Bogdanovic, a woman who could easily pursue a career as a supermodel yet chooses to have sex with a man 53 years her senior.

Milijana claims she and Mikan have sex every day and that her elderly beau is able to wield his love harpoon without the aid of Viagra. She says that, despite his age, he makes love like a young man, but adds that she’s always preferred older men so she doesn’t have much experience in the sack with young’uns. She says she fell in love with him while taking care of him during an illness.

“I was attracted to her kindness and beauty,” Mikan says of their courtship phase. “I’ve known her since she was little, but I hadn’t thought of anything like that. When she was growing up we spent time together but nothing more…. Who doesn’t like younger? It’s more sexy, of course, kissing and everything else.”

Who doesn’t like younger? Well, for one, your gorgeous fiancée doesn’t, you lucky rogue.

WILL “JELQING OFF” GIVE YOU A BIGGER PENIS?

IT’S OFTEN BEEN SAID THAT nine out of ten men wish they had a bigger penis, while the tenth guy can’t stop laughing.

Dating back to time immemorial, the under-endowed have desperately sought ways to increase their length and girth. We have no doubt that somewhere in the caves of ancient Europe, a Neanderthal placed his junk on a rock and attempted to club it into a bigger and more desirable size. Over the past few generations, men have used herbs and pills, dick clamps and cock rings, and everything from suction devices to illicit injections to weird implants done in back-alley operations that leave them crippled and infected and just as lonely as they were before.

Well, little fellas, say hello to “jelqing” (which really should be spelled “jelking,” because that’s how it’s pronounced). The practice allegedly began ages ago in the Middle East, where it was known as “milking.” According to its enthusiasts—who apparently number in the hundreds of thousands—it’s a form of almost-but-not-quite masturbation in which you get your penis somewhat but not totally hard, then tug on it repeatedly for 10 to 20 minutes. This supposedly fills the shaft with blood, causing micro-tears that heal by adding new tissue to your penis.

Elite Manliness is a company where guys who claim to have increased their penis size through jelqing and other techniques counsel other guys in the same forbidden arts. “I estimate that my gains have been: one full inch in girth and 0.78 inches in length,” boasts one of their “penis growth coaches.” One imagines him straining hard and literally splitting hairs to arrive at a number as precise as 0.78. It’s simultaneously admirable and sad.

Experts, though, say jelqing is not only bullshit—it’s dangerous.

According to the SexInfo website at UC Santa Barbara: “Jelqing often leads to pain, irritation, scar formation, or blood vessel tears. The rush of blood to the penis can cause bruising, discoloration, and blood spots that may itch. Even though jelqing is usually an attempt to improve one’s sex life, more often than not, it can simply desensitize the penis to pleasure.”

If you’re willing to risk such agony for a bigger dick, maybe size isn’t your only problem.

Snowballs™ Underwear
SnowWedge 3-pack
Snowballs
Cooling underwear for men

ICY UNDERWEAR CURES SWAMP BALLS AND INFERTILITY

NO ONE LIKES A PAIR of swampy balls—neither the woman who has to endure them during lovemaking nor the man whose smelly, sticky testes ruin intimacy for both partners.

Besides, did you know that if your balls get too hot, it may render you sterile? According to a website called Don’t Cook Your Balls:

“If sperm are exposed to elevated temperatures, they begin to die…. If the exposure to heat is prolonged, it can affect sperm production processes, causing the body to produce fewer sperm, many of which may be abnormally shaped.”

So whoever thinks they’re going to impress the ladies with swampy balls and Frankensperm, you’ve got another thing comin’. Same goes if you think you’ll ever become a father when you’re walking around in the sweltering summer heat, fryin’ your tadpoles like scrambled eggs.

This is where Snowballs can help. That’s right—Snowballs. It’s a line of underwear custom equipped with handy pouches in which you place ice packs called “SnowWedges” to keep your boys cool and comfortable, even in the torrid heat of a muggy summer.

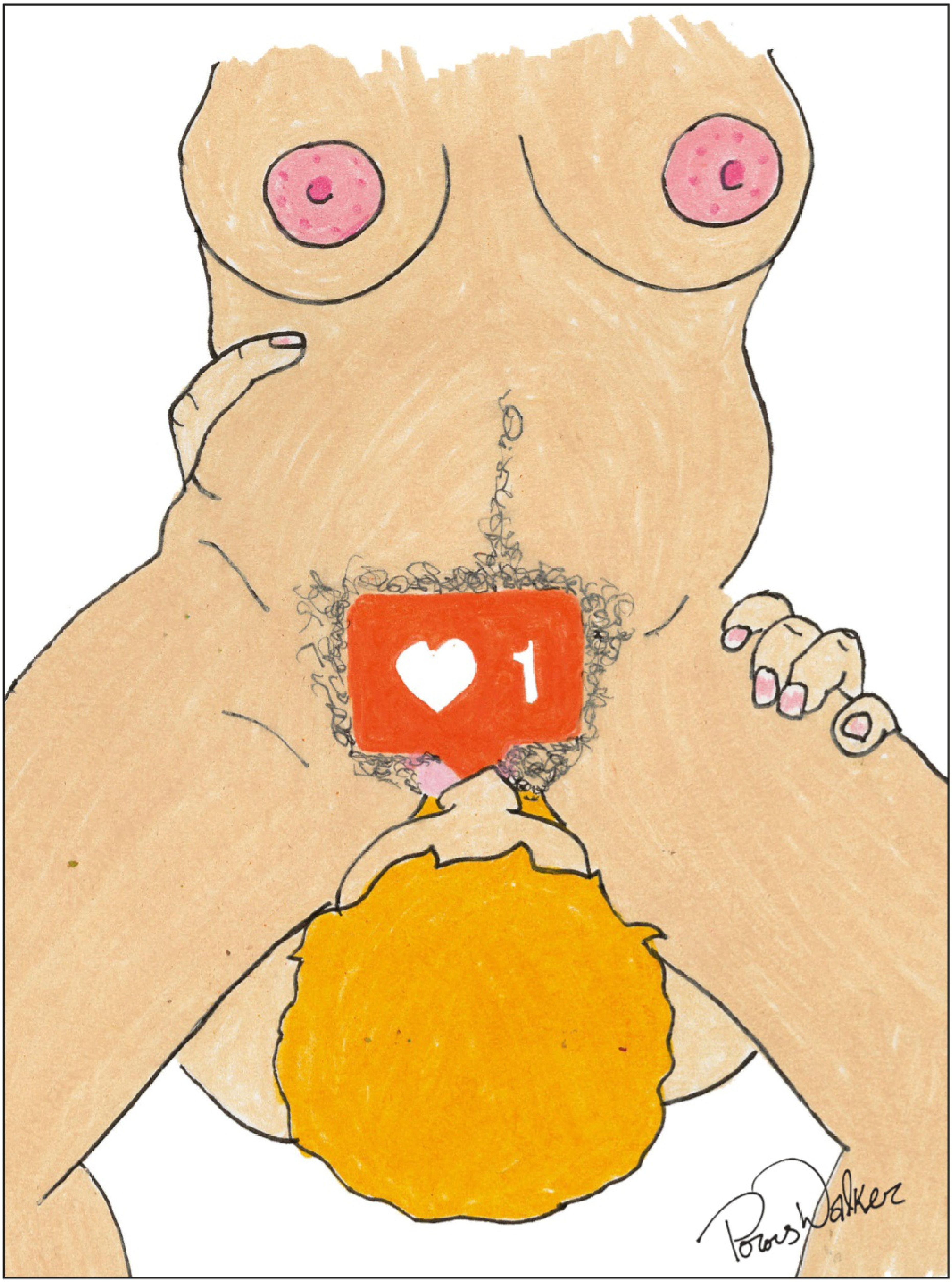
Available through Amazon and other fine vendors for around $60, each Snowballs pack comes with two custom-designed boxer briefs and three SnowWedges. Users complain, however, that it takes more time to freeze the SnowWedges than it takes them to get warm once they’re applied to your nuts:

“The ice packets stay cold for about 15 minutes,” one said. “You’re almost better off holding a cold drink with ice between your legs if you’re trying to be inconspicuous.”

Fifteen minutes? The makers of Snowballs clearly have the right intentions, but the testicular igloos they’re vending may have to go through a process of evolution before they can be recommended for daily use. Until then, hold a cold drink with ice between your legs. Not only is it cheaper, it feels good.

PHOTO: HALFPOINT; FLORIDA CHUCK / SHUTTERSTOCK

LICK LIKES *By Porous Walker*


1
Porous Walker

VidCon
WELCOME TO THE WORLD OF ONLINE VIDEO
ANAHEIM CONVENTION CENTER
ESCAPE THE NIGHT
LIZA ON DEMAND
YouTube Originals

VID▸CON

Welcome to VidCon 2019, the world's biggest, baddest hive of online talent.

MORE than 30,000 people descended on the Anaheim Convention Center this past July for the tenth annual VidCon, and *Penthouse* joined the party, meeting some of today's hottest online video talents.

Billed as the world's largest celebration of digital content creators, VidCon attracts both social media pros and their diehard fans. And judging by the size of the crowd–and their enthusiasm–the popularity and reach of influencers is stronger than ever.

But we'll leave the discussions about Big Tech, monetization, and the perils of online popularity to mainstream media outlets. Instead, we got down to brass tacks and asked some of our favorite YouTubers what they would do if they had the chance to create an adult movie–and got some offbeat answers.

Gamer Jacksepticeye said, "I want to write an artsy porn movie with no dialogue at all. Like a David Lynch kind of thing. Just really long, panning shots…people are just having sex and the camera goes by them."

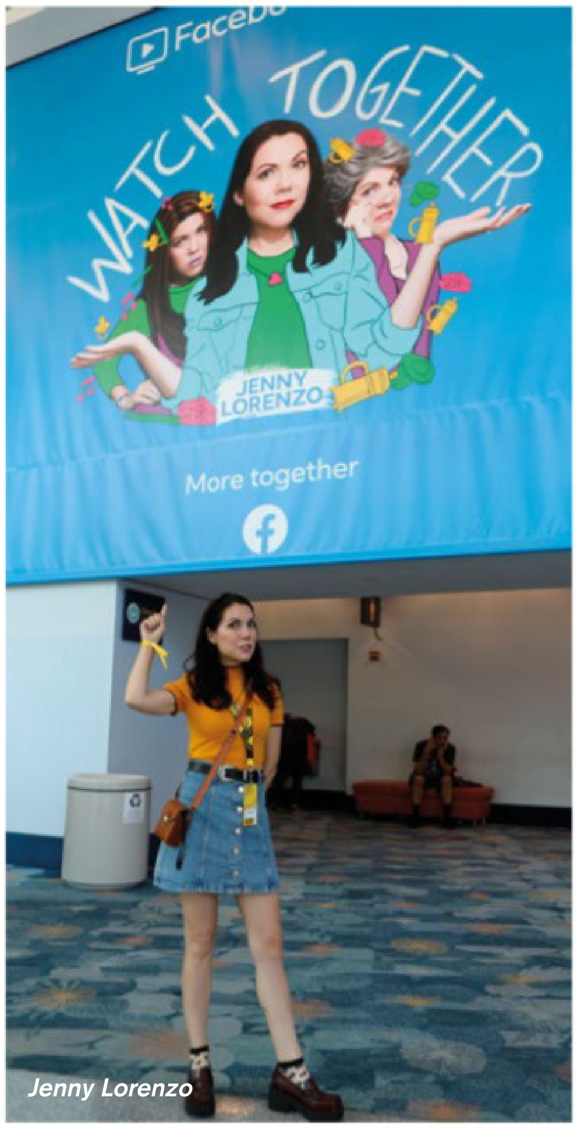
Ethan Nestor, who created the gaming channel CrankGamePlays, quipped, "It would definitely be some spaghetti-based thing. Instead of the pizza deliveryman, it would be the spaghetti deliveryman and he just throws all of the spaghetti on the bed. And there's sauce everywhere and everyone is covered in sauce."

Comedian Shayne Smith had a porn parody on his mind, explaining, "I want to do the Plow-Her Rangers, which is a Power Rangers spin-off, where they have to fight Rita and they have to get all large and then fuck a Zord."

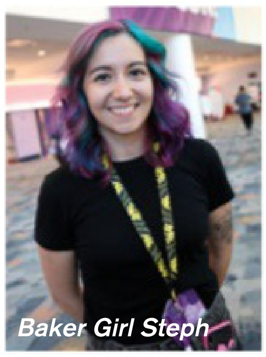
Now that would make for an interesting channel!

Alex Youmazzo and Emmy Combs

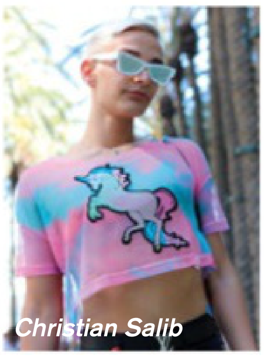
Gabbie Hanna


Facebo
WATCH TOGETHER
JENNY LORENZO
More together

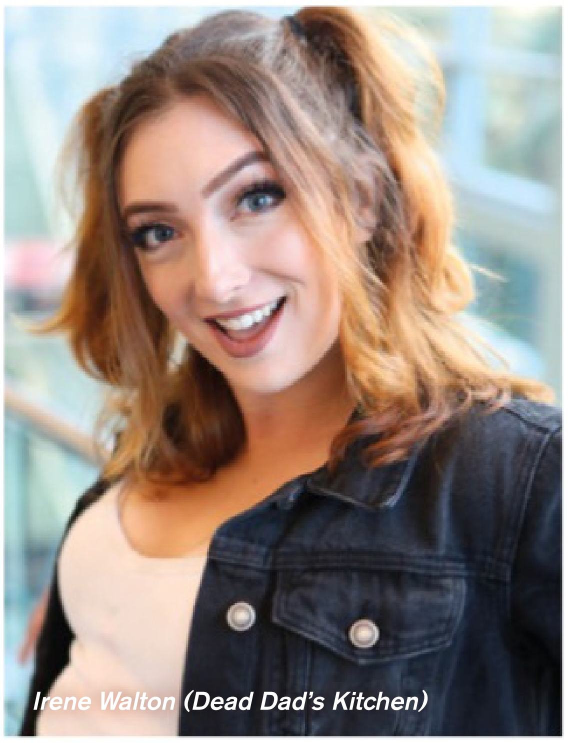
Jenny Lorenzo



Baker Girl Steph

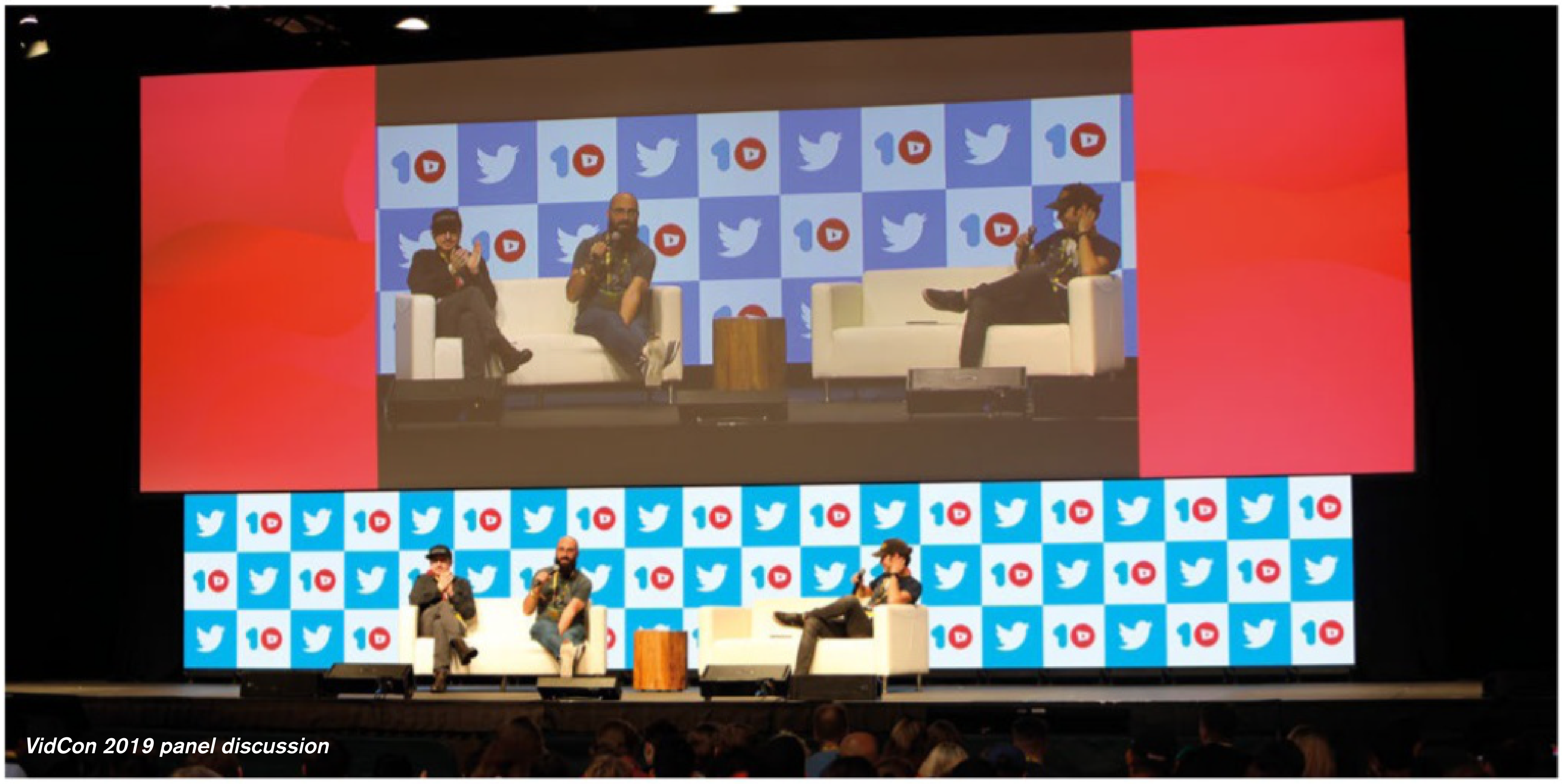


Christian Salib



Irene Walton (Dead Dad's Kitchen)

Jacksepticeye



VidCon 2019 panel discussion

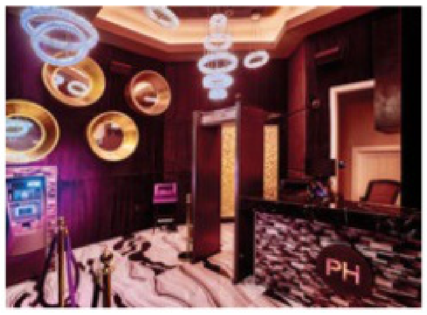
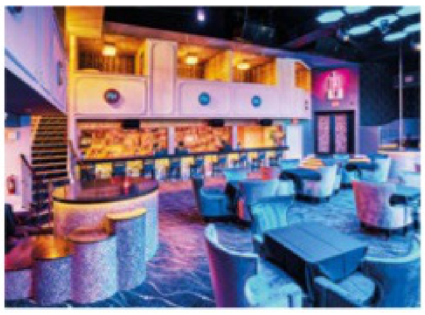
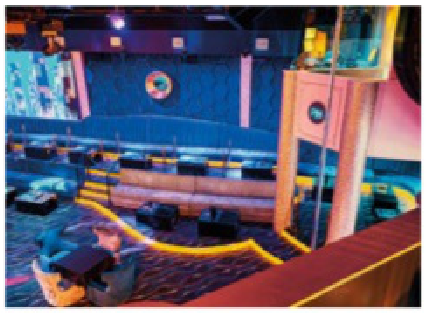
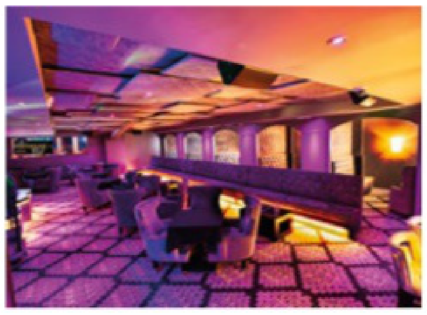
Ethan Nestor (CrankGamePlays)

Jaelyn the Zodiac Queen

Shayne Smith

Taylor Nation (BFFTaylor)

The PENTHOUSE Club™ HOUSTON

OPENING NIGHT

PH
PH
PH
PH
The PENTHOUSE Club

The PENTHOU
HOU
Cl

Travis Scott performs at the Houston Penthouse Club's grand opening

Kenna James and Gianna Dior

Gianna Dior signs her Pet of the Year Special Issue

GARY VAYNERCHUK

Relentless effort brought him success. Will he ever slow down?

Back in August, Gary Vaynerchuk—entrepreneur, CEO, social media Yoda, and a massive fan of the New York Jets football team—took his grind to Australia.

That's a favorite Vaynerchuk word: *grind*. You'll also find him using language like *hustle, side-hustle,* and a curse word that iPhones autocorrect to *ducking*.

A Belarus-born, New Jersey-raised multimillionaire in his early forties, Vaynerchuk hit Sydney, Brisbane, and Melbourne before heading southeast to Auckland, New Zealand. He spoke before thousands of aspiring entrepreneurs, digital dreamers, and business professionals looking for tips on better leveraging social media and the internet.

The crowds were hoping to hear GaryVee, as he's popularly known, deliver inspirational, no-nonsense talk about laser-sighting your focus, maximizing your schedule, and giving the middle finger to personal insecurity and naysayers.

And that's what people got.

The gym-trained, snug-T-shirt-wearing Vaynerchuk has the energy of the Tasmanian Devil in the classic Warner Bros. cartoons. He charges through a succession of 16-hour workdays, his wild, scanning eyes suggesting someone who's just downed a dozen Red Bulls. But unlike the grunting, cyclonic "Taz," Vaynerchuk, who got his start working in his father's New Jersey liquor store, is hyper-verbal, disciplined, strategic, and socially skilled. With his cropped, unfussy hair, panther-like stride, and online acumen, Vaynerchuk projects a vibe that's half tech nerd, half Navy SEAL.

Gary Vaynerchuk at the Dublin Tech Summit, Ireland, 2017

An early investor in Facebook, Twitter, and Uber, Vaynerchuk today is CEO of VaynerMedia, a digital advertising agency with 800 employees, offices in New York and London, and clients like Budweiser and Toyota. He's also chairman of VaynerX, a media and communications company with multiple brands under its umbrella, and a cofounder, with his younger brother A.J., of VaynerSports, an athlete representation firm.

His online reach is large, with two million Twitter followers and a 6.6M Instagram count. He has a YouTube channel, The #AskGaryVee Show, with 2.2M subscribers. He's the host of a top-100 global podcast, "The GaryVee Audio Experience," and appears in a crisply produced online documentary series, DailyVee, which gives viewers a behind-the-scenes look at his head-spinning schedule—a medley of meetings, interviews, talks, content creation, and location-hopping, one thing after another, at the clip of a Gatling gun.

On his YouTube show, Vaynerchuk responds spontaneously to viewer questions selected by staff but which he hasn't seen. Its name gave him the title for his 2016 book, *AskGaryVee: One Entrepreneur's Take on Leadership*, *Social Media & Self-Awareness*. A best seller, that effort followed *Jab, Jab, Jab, Right Hook: How to Tell Your Story in a Noisy, Social World,* published in 2013. Last year, Vaynerchuk released another hit book, one whose title nodded to his first e-commerce venture, selling wine: *Crushing It! How Great Entrepreneurs Built Their Business and Influence—And How You Can, Too*.

It was in the mid-90s, with Vaynerchuk still a college student in Boston, when he realized the nascent internet could be a retail gamechanger. He'd been taking the train down to New Jersey on weekends to work in his dad's store, Shoppers Discount Liquors. Following his branding instincts, he persuaded his dad to change the store's name to the more upscale Wine Library. Then he launched WineLibrary.com, giving the family business a digital dimension.

Vaynerchuk's timing was perfect. People were just beginning to buy online. Annual store revenue rocketed from $3M in 1997 to $45M by 2003.

In 2006, Vaynerchuk debuted Wine Library TV, a web-video series, shot in a makeshift studio above the liquor store, where the vintner's casual style proved appealing. Seated at a table before a single stationary camera, Vaynerchuk would taste-test wines before spitting the liquid into a metal bucket plastered with Jets decals. At its height, the show grabbed 100K views per episode, and grew legit enough to feature Wayne Gretzky and CNBC's Jim Cramer as guests.

During his Australia trip in August, Vaynerchuk sat down with a Sydney podcast host. DailyVee episode 574 documented parts of the interview. Unshaven, wearing a black beanie and sneakers, Vaynerchuk was asked if he ever worried about burnout.

In response, he sounded a central theme: the importance of confidence in career-building and entrepreneurship. He said it wasn't necessarily hard work that produced burnout, but rather the psychic drain of insecurity and lack of self-esteem.

PHOTOS: G. HOLLAND / SHUTTERSTOCK; AMANDA EDWARDS / GETTY IMAGES

If you dreamed big and believed in yourself, as Vaynerchuk did as a young man—and still does in 2019, his plans for the future extensive—that was energizing, from hour one to hour 16. It was fuel, because you were convinced the hard work would pay off.

After making this point, Vaynerchuk grew animated, gesticulating, and moved on to another GaryVee theme: the importance of living within your means.

"It's not how much you make," he told the podcaster, "it's how much you *spend*."

He conjured a 25-year-old urban professional, a type familiar to him from New York City, complaining that he doesn't earn enough to support his lifestyle.

"Of course if you take fucking Uber everywhere, and eat out every night, and need the freshest, fucking flyest, flexiest clothes, you're gonna need a fuckload of money," Vaynerchuk observed. "Why not take the train? Why not cook every night?"

> **"IF YOU EAT OUT EVERY NIGHT, AND NEED THE FRESHEST, FLYEST CLOTHES...YOU'RE GONNA NEED A FUCKLOAD OF MONEY. WHY NOT TAKE THE TRAIN? WHY NOT COOK EVERY NIGHT?"**

Given Vaynerchuk's focus on hustling your ass off—on grinding—it was almost shocking to hear him tell the Sydney podcaster that he'd like to make happiness his primary message during the next ten years, and focus more on balance in life.

He'll counsel people to define success for themselves, he said. If they can be happier making less money while doing something rewarding, he's all for that.

"Work a lot," the digital entrepreneur and marketing guru continued, only if you enjoy this approach to life, or your financial obligations require it.

As for Vaynerchuk's own big dreams, he'd like to own the Jets some day. For now, he'll settle for a decent season.

Vaynerchuk in 2019

TRAVELS WITH WONDERHUSSY

Sarah Jane Woodall is a sexy, sassy YouTube adventuress.

INTERVIEW BY SARAH WALKER

SO many of today's YouTube stars seem to make their marks posting videos of inane things like makeup tips, squeezing zits, or simply blathering about themselves ad nauseam. But there's one special lady who caught our attention, not just because she's a gorgeous badass, but also because she's doing something cool. Meet Sarah Jane Woodall, aka Wonderhussy, the Las Vegas-based nude model/writer turned YouTuber who spends her days cruising the desert in her Toyota 4Runner, camping, sampling hot springs, and exploring abandoned mining camps, ghost towns, and derelict brothels.

We caught up with Woodall on the phone in New Mexico, where she was helping one of her online followers collect rare acorns; afterward she's headed back to Nevada to check out a Facebook-formed Area 51 raid "to see them aliens," for which over two million people have signed up. "It's gonna be a shitshow," Sarah tells us. Be sure to check out her YouTube channel, Wonderhussy Adventures, to see for yourself.

Where did the moniker "Wonderhussy" come from?
I used to write a column for a local paper, which had started a website that was an "adult" guide to Vegas—what's it like to go to a brothel or a strip club, etc. But the paper was so conservative, I couldn't post photos with nudity, I couldn't say anything interesting. So I started writing my own blog so I could say whatever I wanted, and I came up with the name "Wonderhussy" because it's sort of emblematic of, "Fuck this—I'm gonna say what I want to say and be who I want to be! People think I'm a shameless hussy? Well, I'm gonna be the best damn hussy there is."

How did you transition from writing to YouTubing?
I couldn't monetize my blog using Google AdSense, because it was considered an "adult" website. I guess because I posted nude photos, or maybe the keywords I used? But I was driving back from Burning Man and I passed this abandoned building. I pulled over and went in, and as I was shooting, I was describing what I was seeing and figuring out in real time that it was an old brothel. I put the video up on YouTube and it got a really good response.

People started emailing me, saying, "That's called URBEX [urban exploration]. You should do more videos like that." And right around that time, I discovered I had all this money waiting for me in my YouTube account from the ads that were appearing in the videos I'd posted over the years.

So now you do this full-time?
Yeah, man, I do YouTube full-time! But it's not very lucrative, and it's kind of an idiot's game. They know everyone wants to be a star, so they own all your content. They can shut you down at any time, and you're basically busting your hump just so they can make money, and then they throw you a few crumbs. That said, I'm enjoying it.

> "I CAME UP WITH THE NAME 'WONDERHUSSY' BECAUSE IT'S SORT OF EMBLEMATIC OF, 'FUCK THIS—I'M GONNA SAY WHAT I WANT TO SAY AND BE WHO I WANT TO BE!'"

Has there been anything you've shot that you couldn't post?
Yeah, I got busted by the ranger at Lake Mead and had to take some videos down. Lake Mead is this huge reservoir outside Vegas that's evaporating rapidly because there's not meant to be that many people living in the desert, sucking up the water. There are a couple of abandoned marinas that are totally dried up, and I made a video of one that had some park service housing—the homes were almost brand-new, just sitting there with the doors swinging open. The video got a couple hundred thousand views, and that got the attention of law enforcement out there, and so I got this phone call from them, telling me to take it down. Ever since then, I've been super cautious about the kinds of places I go in, and what I post online.

It still seems like a pretty great way to make a living.
It is, but you're completely owned by YouTube, so Google basically has you by the balls. There's this whole thing now called the "Adpocalypse." You get all your advertising revenue from the commercials they run on your videos. But then these ads were appearing on some pretty sketchy videos, like crazy right-winger, racist bullshit. So now they're very cautious about the content being "advertiser-friendly." They give you a red, yellow, or green light on your video. If it's red, it doesn't comply with YouTube's terms and it's not allowed to be posted at all, and you get a strike on your account; green light, you're good to go and you can make money; yellow light means they'll run your video but they won't post any ads on it—they deem it unsuitable for most advertisers. One time I got a yellow light on a video, which couldn't have been more G-rated. So they told me to look at the keywords in the description, which was "Ghost town 45 minutes from Vegas strip"—and the word "strip" had triggered their algorithm. So I took out the word and it got a green light.

How do you find the abandoned places you visit?
As a nude model, I was working for these amateur photographers who had these ideas of photographing a naked chick in an old busted building. So I was constantly scouting for new abandoned places, and I ended up getting more into the scouting than the modeling. I find a lot of places through Google Maps, and by driving around randomly. Now it's gotten to the point where people email me tips of places to check out.

You seem to like exploring sites connected to conspiracy theories.
I'm not a natural-born conspiracy theorist, I'm just more interested in the *idea* of conspiracy theories. I don't know, conspiracy theories used to be so much more fun. Now they're getting creepy, like Pizzagate and "deep state." I recently got into Bigfoot—that's my kind of urban legend. It's old-school, it's fun. I went up to Oregon in June and decided to look for Bigfoot while I was there. It started out as a joke, but then I got up there and I was reading about it and watching all these Bigfoot videos, and I started thinking, *Geez, maybe there's something to this.*

PHOTOS: MIKE AND KIT ON VIMEO

NEW LIFE FOR OLD GAMES

Retro gaming has exploded, thanks to live streams and record-breaking gamers.

BY SEAN NEUMANN

It's nearing midnight on a Tuesday in Gdansk, Poland, and Piotr Delgado Kusielczuk, 31, is doing what legions of other millennials like to do in the evenings—he's playing a videogame before bed. But unlike his peers, this heralded gamer, known to fans around the world by his gaming moniker, The Mexican Runner, is entering hour ten of a *Metal Gear Solid* marathon, speeding through a retro game released for PlayStation in 1998.

This son of a Mexican father and Polish mother, who grew up in the Veracruz state capital of Xalapa, has been alone in a room, staring at a 22-inch monitor, since fueling up at lunch. But I'm there with him, virtually, as I sit on a couch in Chicago, 4,600 thousand miles west. I'm watching a stream of him play, as are 10,000 other gaming fans around the world.

Retro videogames can be mesmerizing for adults who played them as a kid, as I did. The memories they trigger—the nostalgic buzz they bring about—has some of us digging through the attics and garages of our parents, looking for old Nintendo cartridges. The emotional experience of revisiting videogames from our youth, along with twenty-first-century capabilities in video-streaming tech, has breathed new life into vintage games.

On social media, the retro online-gaming community has become one of the most passionate of the many subcultures trading enthusiasms on Twitter, Reddit, and other platforms. The online revolution transformed gaming from a limited experience shared by a couple of friends hanging out in a basement to one that's transmitted across the globe. Now you can share the experience with hundreds, even thousands, of other classic game lovers. There's so much energy and enthusiasm out there, and today's tech is so evolved, users like Kusielczuk have developed retro-gaming careers.

"In a way, gaming was always escaping from reality, but it was escaping together with friends, rather than escaping by yourself," Kusielczuk tells me, after logging off from his epic gaming session. "I just teleport to this magical place that actually does exist."

That day, I'd watched a lot of the gamer's streamed play—from my bed in the morning, during lunch, and from my couch later. I drifted back to memories of playing *The Legend of Zelda: Ocarina of Time* on Nintendo 64 with my childhood friends, a game released the same year as *Metal Gear Solid*. I thought of my life back then, before the deluge of adult concerns. I felt surprisingly strong emotions, the time-travel vivid.

When I try to verbalize this nostalgic rush to Kusielczuk, he laughs with clear understanding. "It just feels good," he agrees. "I don't know, somewhere inside me there's a stock of all those melodies and graphics, and when I play those old games, it's a good feeling. It's like when you go back to your hometown and you see the tree you used to play under is still there."

> **"SOMEWHERE INSIDE ME THERE'S A STOCK OF ALL THOSE MELODIES AND GRAPHICS, AND WHEN I PLAY THOSE OLD GAMES, IT'S A GOOD FEELING."**

Users across the world have connected on forums, in chats, and through social media sites. Those gaming "melodies and graphics," and the way these games bring back experiences from the end of the last century—these things create bonds between users everywhere.

Today, gamers are finding creative new ways to play the old classics, whether it's teaming up to "speedrun" through *Super Mario Bros.,* or chasing a world-record high score in *Tetris*. If you're unfamiliar with the term, a speedrun is what you might guess: a gamer, known as a speedrunner, tries to complete a videogame as fast as possible. Speedrunners can compete with each other, add extra challenges, and attract large audiences for their retro-game attempts via streaming platforms such as Twitch. It's become one of the most popular ways to play classic Nintendo games, especially the ones where characters race across the screen from left to right while avoiding monsters and traps.

In 2014, Kusielczuk began a monumental project, which he dubbed "NESMania," setting out to play all 714 Nintendo Entertainment System titles. It took him three years and 3,435 hours of playing time, but he made it. The live-streamed feat included 91 hours spent learning how to play piano to beat *Miracle Piano Teaching System,* a game that failed miserably upon its release in 1990. When Guinness World Records officially recognized Kusielczuk as the "first person to complete every licensed Nintendo Entertainment System game," it helped launch The Mexican Runner into videogame streaming lore.

"It's cool," says Kusielczuk, "because now some people can see where gaming was, like, 30 years ago, compared to where it is now, and they can also see that a modern game is not always a better game than an old classic. Where gaming is today is thanks to all these games. It's been an evolution."

Across the ocean from Gdansk, in central Utah, 24-year-old David Livingston begins live-streaming his playing just as Kusielczuk, finally logging off, goes to bed.

Livingston, aka "Kosmic," is a legendary figure in retro gaming. He holds 27 speedrun world records. Last year, he managed to pull off one of the most mind-blowing feats in gaming history, setting the speedrun world record for *Super Mario Bros*. twice in one night.

PHOTO: ENRIQUE ARNAIZ LAFUENTE / SHUTTERSTOCK

On his second streamed playthrough, he beat the game in just under four minutes and 56 seconds. Millions of people have watched the replay of this speedrun, completed on a “real NES with an original NES controller,” as a line of text says in the dramatic video.

“These games will never die because things like speedrunning exist,” Livingston tells me. “There’s always going to be people playing them for this reason now.”

In fact, retro gaming has become less about beating a videogame’s “final boss” character—its top antagonist—and more about setting speedrun records and outdoing other gamers.

In Portland, Oregon, in October of last year, a 16-year-old *Tetris* prodigy, Joseph Saelee, wearing braces on his teeth, dethroned seven-time champion Jonas Neubauer, who’s been called “the god of *Tetris,*” in the finals of the Classic Tetris World Championship.

Video of this stunning feat has been viewed nearly eight million times. It’s upsets like this that help reintroduce people to a beloved game like *Tetris,* released in 1989. Livingston describes these as “eureka moments” that the gaming community experiences together.

“I think if you were to do it by yourself,” he says of speedrunning a classic game, “one time might be enough. You could tell people, ‘I beat this game in so many hours’ or whatever. But you grew up with the games, and for whatever reason they just mean a lot to you. They’re part of your childhood. And when you’re with a bunch of people who like the same thing—in this case, these videogames—and are putting in effort to make whatever it is you want to accomplish happen, I think that’s why it becomes so special.”

It’s all inherently nerdy—the niche games, the obsession with outsmarting a computer, and even the Clark Kentian lifestyle of being a 27-time world-record holder and still walking around unrecognized, including by those who may have seen your internet-famous video.

That said, it’s not hard to see why videogame streaming has become so popular. There’s competition, suspense and drama, records broken by milliseconds, and that deep emotional attachment to these games, given the charge they carry in people’s memories.

ESPN covers e-sports now, and it makes sense when you consider, for example, the pulse-pounding speedruns that unfolded on Livingston’s double-world-record-breaking night.

“What?!” he yelled, leaping up in genuine disbelief a moment after he set the record. It had the thrill of a basketball superstar hitting an NBA Finals buzzer-beater. “This isn’t real life!”

* * *

THERE is a common conception in many cultures, Kusielczuk points out, that videogames are a waste of time—especially in countries less dependent on entertainment industries, like Mexico, where he grew up. But that view is changing as streamers like Kusielczuk and Livingston prove there’s money to be made through elite videogame playing.

Users pay up to $24.99 a month on Twitch to get unlimited viewing access to retro-game titans like Kosmic and The Mexican Runner, giving fans the ability to watch any streams and participate in chat rooms with other viewers and the streamers themselves. Neither Kusielczuk nor Livingston work typical full-time jobs, as their streaming revenue through Twitch and other services is currently enough for them to live off.

By the end of his ten-hour Tuesday marathon, Kusielczuk had streamed for nearly 54 hours in six days. Livingston, who started his final year of college that week, still managed to stream for more than 25 hours during that same span.

Twitch streamers are under contract, though Kusielczuk says that it’s more like a partnership, similar to how Uber drivers operate. You’re not forced to stream a certain number of hours each week, but the more you go live, of course, the greater the opportunity to grow your viewership. On Twitch, these two streamers have more than nine million combined page views. On YouTube, where their glory moments are immortalized in viral videos, the pair have secured more than 19 million views and 78,000 subscribers.

Figures like these mean money. But these counts also point to something else. They’re digital tally marks that suggest the large number of people yearning to be teleported back to the place Kusielczuk dreams about—the place millennials like myself can’t always describe, but which we’ve learned we like to visit, through the medium of these games.

“Not everyone has access to that kind of feeling,” Kusielczuk says, as he heads off to bed, where dreams will take him wherever they take him. “But gaming people, they have that.”

Sean Neumann is a Chicago-based journalist and musician. His writing on politics, sports, music, and television has appeared in Penthouse, Rolling Stone, The New York Times, ESPN, and more. Follow him on Twitter: @neumannthehuman

TIME FOR HOOPS

Basketball junkie Melissa Stetten helps us navigate the new-look NBA.

INTERVIEW BY PHIL HANRAHAN

THIS past NBA off-season was bananas. Anthony Davis to the Lakers. Russell Westbrook to the Rockets. Kyrie Irving and Kevin Durant, Brooklyn-bound.

Among half a dozen other big moves, Paul George said yes to the Clippers.

So did another superstar.

When Kawhi Leonard, the 2019 Finals MVP, opted for the Los Angeles team with zero championships, instead of the L.A. team with 16, I found myself checking the Twitter feed of Melissa Stetten, model, actress, podcast host, former VICE columnist, and five-nine shooting guard for an L.A. rec-league team called The Pistol Shrimps. Why? Because Stetten's the most devoted Clippers fan I follow on social media.

She's been tweeting about the Clippers for years. She has season tickets. She wears the gear. She talks all things Clippers on fan sites. In 2014, she even appeared onstage with then-Clippers Blake Griffin and DeAndre Jordan for a live read of the *Space Jam* script in an L.A. theater. Plus, there was this tweet in early July: "I don't mean to sound dramatic but if Kawhi doesn't sign with the Clippers I'll kill myself."

And when Leonard signed?

"OH MY GOD BEST DAY OF MY LIFE. &&382$!:&-99&&!!!!?)/&&292@."

With the eyes of the basketball world on the L.A. Clippers this season, it seemed fitting to kick off the new season by talking to a Clippers diehard. I asked Stetten about her fandom, the NBA landscape's seismic shifts, and the all-women team she plays on, one featured in a 2016 documentary film produced by Morgan Spurlock, director of *Super Size Me*. Aubrey Plaza, of *Parks and Recreation* fame, is a Pistol Shrimps teammate.

You grew up watching and playing basketball. Who'd you root for?

Being from Kalamazoo, which is equidistant from Detroit and Chicago, I was initially a Pistons fan. If we're being honest, the real reason I got into basketball was MTV's *Rock N' Jock* series. Luke Perry rode a horse onto the court and I remember thinking, *Basketball is so awesome*. I also thought Dennis Rodman was the coolest person I'd ever seen. I was like eight years old when all this was happening, please don't judge me. I eventually started following the Bulls in the late nineties. Michael Jordan, duh.

How'd you become a Clippers superfan, à la Billy Crystal?

When I moved to L.A., I started dating a lifelong Clippers fan. He took me to my first NBA game—I couldn't afford to go as a kid—and I was swept up. This was 2011, so Lob City was in full effect, Chris Paul throwing alley-oops to Blake Griffin. The fact that the team had never won a championship made me love them even more. It felt like I was going on this journey with them, decades in the making. Also, that whole thing with Blake tweeting a photo of a chair set against the front door of DeAndre Jordan's Houston house to keep Mark Cuban from coming in and signing DJ to the Mavs in 2015 was one of the great moments in NBA history, and solidified my fandom forever.

Who are your favorite Clippers, past and present?

I defend every player on this team like they're my children, but I do have a complicated relationship with Chris Paul. I cried when he hit that Game 7 buzzer-beater against the Spurs in the 2015 playoffs. I did the same when he and Blake got injured during the 2016 playoffs and Austin Rivers had to play with Frankenstein stitches above his cut eye. But these days, with Chris Paul

Live "Space Jam" read

PHOTOS: LIEZL ESTIPONA; MARTIN GERO

gone, I'd say Patrick Beverley has won me over in his place.

Blake, though, he was my number one. I screamed when I got an alert on my phone that he'd been traded to Detroit. I even talked about it in therapy. That's how upset I was. He's so dreamy and funny—basically the perfect man. He followed me on Twitter for a few years, but he doesn't anymore, so he's dead to me. JK! Blake, plz call me.

The Kawhi signing aside, what's a big Clippers fandom moment for you?
It had to be that live read of *Space Jam* with Blake and DeAndre. It was amazing. DJ did this Charles Barkley impression that had everyone dying. They were the nicest guys!

Both L.A. teams play at Staples Center—is it true the fan experience differs?
It's shocking how different the vibe is. At Lakers games, I see lots of men wearing expensive shiny jackets and women wearing heels and child-size cut-off jerseys. I'm not hating on their outfit choices, but it's a vibe I'm not really into. It seems like a lot of people are there for the social scene. Also, their time-outs and halftimes are boring.

At Clippers games, we get fucking hot dogs blasted out of a cannon. Maybe the Lakers think they're too cool to entertain, like the crowd should feel lucky to be in the vicinity of such greatness. Well, guess what, Lakers? You suck now, and I think you should look into dropping mini-parachutes with gift cards from the rafters to keep your fans interested.

Can you provide a Pistol Shrimps capsule history?
Five years ago, my teammate Maria Blasucci wanted to start a team, so she emailed some of her lady friends and everyone was into the idea. We started practicing and then went to join a league, but there wasn't one for women in the Hollywood area. So we sent out emails and Facebook posts asking if women wanted to play, and the response was overwhelming. The league has grown from six teams to almost 30. At first, people thought it was a joke. Like, "What are all these women in the entertainment industry doing? They know how to play basketball?" Yeah, bitch, not only do we know how to play, we play to win.

3
PISTOL
SHRIMPS

My team has won two championships. That 2016 documentary, *The Pistol Shrimps,* is streaming online somewhere. I think there's a bootleg on YouTube, too.

Prediction time. Top four NBA teams in each conference?
East: 76ers, Bucks, Celtics, Heat.

West: Clippers, Rockets, Nuggets, and fuck the Lakers, I'm going Jazz.

Who's in the conference championships? Who emerges?
East: 76ers and Bucks. I think the Bucks take it. They've got the Antetokounmpo brothers and the Lopez brothers. An indestructible force.

West: Clippers and Rockets. A team with Westbrook, Harden, and Capela seems insane, but the Clippers will win. They have to. Owner Steve Ballmer will literally explode if they don't.

Who hoists the Larry O'Brien Trophy next June?
If the Clippers don't win, I will climb Jerry West's statue at Staples Center and set my custom "BOBAN RULES" jersey on fire. (Side note: I miss you, Boban Marjanovic.)

Any teams you don't want in the Finals?
The Warriors need to go away. I'm sick of them. I'm sick of their fans. I've witnessed too many drunk bros getting kicked out of Staples Center for heckling Clippers players. They need to hop in their Teslas and Waze it back to Burning Man.

Since this is the Social Media issue, let's end on one of your tweets. Can you remind us of Paul George's full name again?
Of course. It's Paul Ringo John George.

Follow Melissa on Twitter at: @MelissaStetten. Or check out her podcast, "Web Crawlers," where she and L.A. writer Ali Segel explore weird mysteries and unexplained phenomena.

A CLIPPERS FRANCHISE MINI-HISTORY

1978 - The San Diego-based team gets its name, a nod to clipper ships
1984 - Relocation to Los Angeles
1987 - Team goes 12-70, the third-worst NBA winning percentage ever
1996 - They almost move to Anaheim
1998 - They start the season 0-17
2012 - They go 16-0 in December, the third perfect month in NBA history
2014 - Ex-Microsoft CEO Steve Ballmer buys the team for $2 billion
2024 - Projected date for a new arena in Inglewood

KAWHI LEONARD - THREE BEST SCORING YEARS

	Points per game	*FG%*	*3pt%*
2018-19, Raptors	**26.6**	**49.6**	**37.1**
2016-17, Spurs	**25.5**	**48.5**	**38.0**
2015-16, Spurs	**21.2**	**50.6**	**44.3**

That's A Wrap

EYE-CATCHING content is the key to social media success. But sometimes the fame game takes a bizarre turn. It seems our August 1977 Penthouse Pet, Barbara Corser, was ahead of her time!

PHOTOGRAPHY
ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL

FEATURE

YouTube on a Tightrope

ADVERTISER PULL-OUTS, CONTENT SCANDALS, CONTROVERSIAL STARS, AND POLITICAL BACKLASH—WILL THINGS GET ANY SMOOTHER FOR THE PLATFORM IN 2020?

BY PHIL HANRAHAN AND JAGGERXTC

PHOTO: OLLYY / SHUTTERSTOCK

THIS past June, an odd hashtag shot to No. 1 on Twitter and YouTube trending tabs. #VoxAdpocalypse, it read. Circulated by conservatives and libertarians, along with some less politically driven social media users wary of internet policing, the tag referenced a demonetization controversy on Google-owned YouTube. Demonetization—meant to modify a user's behavior and keep the platform advertiser-friendly—is when the company removes ad-placement capability on a channel, denying its creator a share of ad revenue.

In this case, the #VoxAdpocalypse firestorm began when YouTube demonetized the channel of conservative comic and former Fox News contributor Steven Crowder, host of Louder With Crowder, for repeated mocking and insulting of a Vox Media journalist, Carlos Maza, in ways the company judged offensive enough to violate its terms of service.

The hashtag got a boost from Crowder himself, whose YouTube show reached well over three and a half million people, and whose Twitter account had 900K followers. Its rise was also helped by figures like Texas senator Ted Cruz, who posted two tweets sharply critical of the video-hosting platform on June 6, the day the hashtag blew up. That same day, the popular podcaster, columnist, and Daily Wire founder Ben Shapiro also issued angry tweets and on-air comments regarding the Crowder demonetization.

Crowder's channel wasn't the only one to get demonetized, which meant other channel creators, and their followers, took to social media to express dismay and criticize the company. Under attack from the left for the way it was handling channels trafficking in hate speech, bigotry, incitement, and extremist recruitment, YouTube had decided to more vigorously enforce its community guidelines. Demonetizing a significant number of channels (we don't know the exact number) was one of the steps it took that early-June week.

Unsurprisingly, there were some implementation glitches. These missteps led to more outcries on social media, and more propellant for the hashtag. For example, a history teacher's channel got mistakenly demonetized because his content included archival video of Hitler's speeches, and keywords in its descriptive text created pings in YouTube's algorithmic dragnet. Sweeping its platform for possible neo-Nazi content, the company had flagged the educational site as pro-Hitler. Alerted, YouTube restored monetization.

The scale of the ad-removal operation accounts for the hashtag's doomsday pun. But the fact that #VoxAdpocalypse remained at the top of trending tabs throughout June 6, and stayed trending for days, speaks to the way the controversy intersected with matters of weighty cultural and political consequence: the power of Big Tech, online freedom, the role of the media, media fairness, the reach of digital advertising, and the ongoing conflict between political correctness and conservatism. In no way dampening the furor, some of those who used the hashtag in social media posts argued that free speech was at issue, too, and deployed language like "censorship," "Big Brother," and even "Stalinism."

Senator Cruz himself raised the specter of censorship in a tweet sent to his 3.3M followers. Without getting into the nuances of how far this term actually applied in the Crowder case, which involved not government suppression of political speech, but rather a private company enforcing its policies, the Harvard Law grad referenced a notorious English court synonymous with secrecy, abuse of power, and lack of due process in a post retweeted 12.5M times: "YouTube is not the Star Chamber—stop playing God & silencing those voices you disagree with. This will not end well."

Cruz's tweet had a hashtag, too: #LouderWithCrowder.

The #VoxAdpocalypse brouhaha became a flashpoint for conservatives worried about social media platforms taking steps that might impact the reach of conservative online messaging, organizing, and voter outreach going into the 2020 elections and beyond. Crowder, they argued, was a casualty of political correctness gone wild, a victim of left-wing mob hysteria, and a clear illustration of a Big Tech bias against conservatives.

Cruz himself accused YouTube of a double standard, suggesting, with references to progressive comedians Samantha Bee and Jim Carrey, that the company treated media personalities on the left one way, and right-leaning figures another. As Cruz framed it, line-crossing liberal comics faced no consequences, but a conservative comic like Crowder got punished. In a June 6 tweet that outperformed even his Star Chamber post, racking up 15M retweets, the 2016 presidential hopeful tweeted, "This is nuts. YouTube needs to explain why [Crowder] is banned, but [Bee] ("Ivanka is a feckless c***.") & [Carrey] ("look at my pretty picture of Gov. Kay Ivey being murdered in the womb") aren't.

PHOTO: PATHDOC / SHUTTERSTOCK

No coherent standard explains it. Here's an idea: DON'T BLACKLIST ANYBODY."

Replies to the senator's tweet pointed out that Crowder hadn't been banned or blacklisted, but Cruz had made his point, and in a fiery way that works well on social media.

* * *

FOR all the online thunder and lightning, and the high-stakes issues raised by the controversy, #VoxAdpocalypse got its start in a situation no bigger than a mostly verbal conflict between two people, the battle waged via YouTube and Twitter, and featured schoolyard-style name-calling and mocking delivered by one of the participants. It began, that is, with one online political media figure deciding to get personal—very personal—about another online political media figure on the opposite side of the ideological divide.

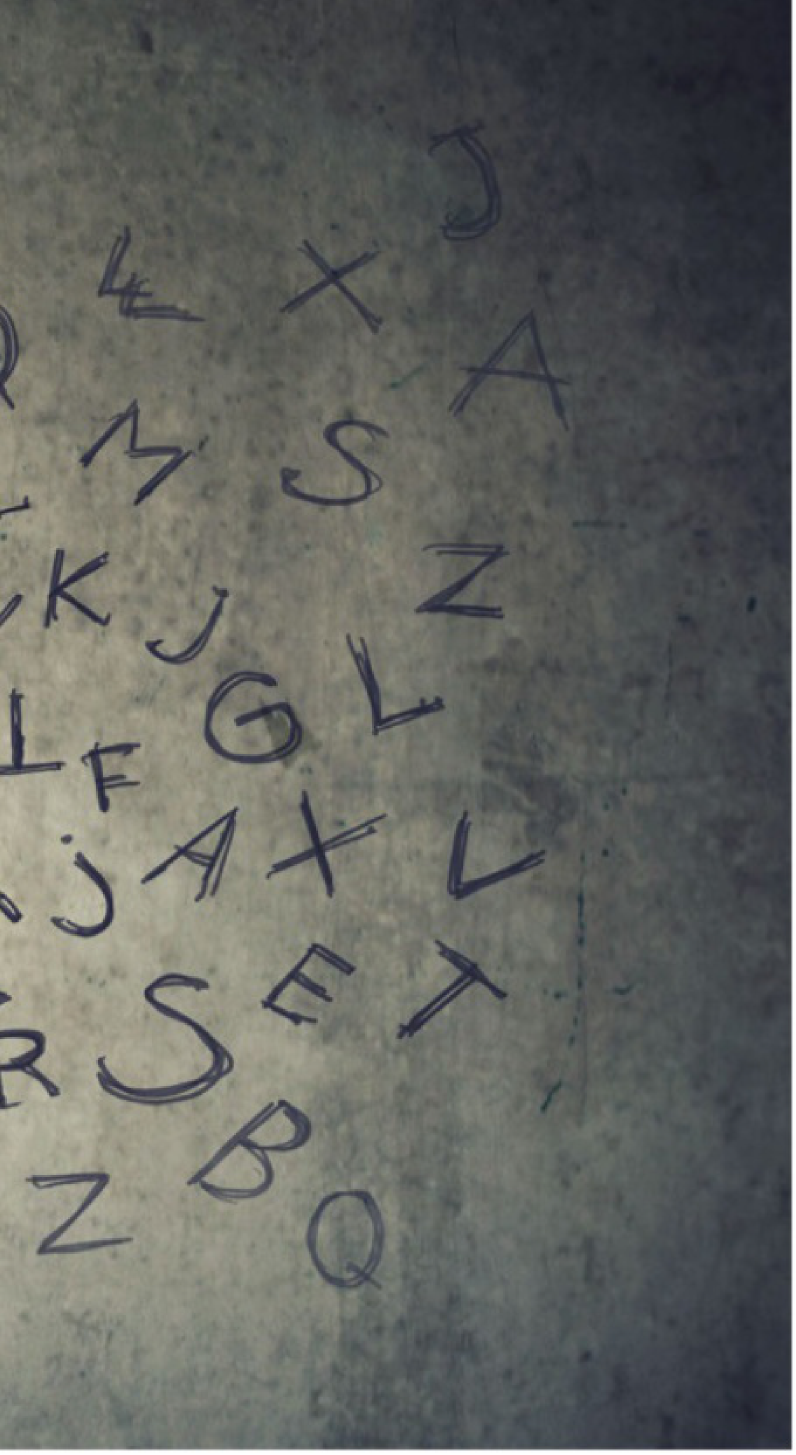
The conservative combatant—Crowder—is better known, with a wider audience, than his counterpart, Maza.

#VoxAdpocalypse got its start in a situation no bigger than a mostly verbal conflict between two people, the battle waged via YouTube and Twitter, and featured schoolyard-style name-calling and mocking delivered by one of the participants.

Detroit-born, 32 years old, Crowder was raised in Montreal by born-again Christian parents and practiced sexual abstinence until he was married. Deeply conservative on social issues like abortion and gay marriage, he once wrote a column for the Fox News website arguing against premarital sex. Sample lines: "While we're on the subject, has the whole floozy shtick really empowered any women out there?... Then again, what do I know? I'm just a young, sexless, STD-free-moron in love."

After dropping out of Vermont's Champlain College to pursue acting and stand-up comedy, Crowder was hired by Fox News in 2009 at age 22. Quick-witted, articulate, presentable, and comfortable before a camera, Crowder had come to the attention of the network on the strength of satire-laced political videos he posted on conservative websites and on YouTube. Crowder worked for Fox News until 2013, when the network dropped him for unspecified reasons, though some reports suggested his caustic humor had crossed lines.

These days, this former emcee at the annual conference of conservative activists and politicians known as CPAC (short for Conservative Political Action Committee) is affiliated with Blaze Media, a Texas-based media company—a conservative Vox,



you might say—formed in 2018 following a merger between the Glenn Beck-founded pay-TV site TheBlaze, and the website Conservative Review, established by talk-radio pundit Mark Levin.

Carlos Maza, 31, is the Miami-raised son of Cuban immigrants. He's the host of a Vox Media show, Strikethrough, that airs on YouTube. The show analyzes media coverage in the age of Trump, and frequently dissects Fox News stories on the Trump White House and conservative policy initiatives. In an April installment of Strikethrough called "Why Tucker Carlson Pretends to Hate Elites," Maza pointed out that Tucker Swanson McNear Carlson—the Fox News host's full name—is the stepson of an heiress to the Swanson frozen-food empire, a silver-spoon graduate of an elite boarding school, and a guy who became known for wearing bow ties as a young man. Then Maza played an audio clip of Carlson discussing his wealth and upbringing on a Florida radio show in 2008. "I'm extraordinarily loaded from money I inherited," Carlson tells the show's host, known as Bubba the Love Sponge. "I've never needed to work.... I'm an out-of-the-closet elitist. I don't run around pretending to be a man of the people. I'm absolutely not a man of the people, at all."

And yet, Maza detailed, Carlson continually bashes elites—liberal elites and coastal elites, especially—on his weekday prime-time show, and pushes populism.

As the Vox journalist's Twitter bio makes clear, Maza is no fan of Carlson: "Marxist pig. Tucker Carlson is a white supremacist and YouTube profits from hate speech. IG: gaywonk." Maza's Twitter handle, @gaywonk, also foregrounds his sexuality.

And Crowder is no fan of Maza. For the past two years, the YouTube conservative had been delivering what he called "rebuttals" in response to Strikethrough videos. Crowder would vigorously object, for example, when Maza argued that conservative outlets like Fox News and Blaze are so politically partisan their reportage verges on propaganda.

In his rebuttals, smiling, and to laughter from show colleagues, Crowder frequently moved from argument to insult, calling Maza an "angry little queer," a "gay Mexican," and "Mr. Lispy Queer from Vox." Using the tone of a comic delivering a joke, Crowder also referred to Maza as a "flamer" and "anchor baby."

Pitching his voice high, mimicking Maza's hand motions, he sometimes adopted a caricatured gay voice to amplify the mocking. One day he pretended to fellate his desk microphone, while referencing the Vox journalist. He also wore a "Socialism is for fags" T-shirt. Addressing his nemesis, he said, "You're given a free pass as a crappy writer because you're gay." He even ran a snippet of Maza eating potato chips before saying, his manner mincing, "Bet you can't eat just one—like dicks."

On May 30, Maza had had enough. Since his complaints to YouTube about Crowder had gone nowhere, he created a compilation video of Crowder's slurs and mockery and posted it on Twitter with this message: "Since I started working at Vox, Steven Crowder has been making video after video 'debunking' Strikethrough. Every single video has included repeated, overt attacks on my sexual orientation and ethnicity. Here's a sample..."

As you might guess, the tweet went viral. Online outrage exploded.

YouTube, after getting ripped on social media for their inaction, sent Maza a tweet saying they'd investigate the matter. On June 4, the Bay Area-based company weighed in with this response:

"Our teams spent the last few days conducting an in-depth review of the videos flagged to us. And while we found language that was clearly hurtful, the videos as posted don't violate our policies. As an open platform, it's crucial for us to allow everyone—from creators to journalists to late-night TV hosts—to express their opinions w/in the scope of our policies. Opinions can be deeply offensive, but if they don't violate our policies, they'll remain on our site."

That decision and statement caused more outrage. As was pointed out on social media, Crowder's insults were not acts of opinion-expressing, along the lines of, say, "I believe personhood begins at conception," or "Socialism is idiotic." Furthermore, Crowder's language would seem to violate YouTube's policies.

For example, the company forbids content promoting hatred of people "related to race, sexuality, nationality, and immigration status." Additionally, it forbids content that "is deliberately posted in order to humiliate someone" or that "makes hurtful and negative personal comments/videos about another person."

What happened next? Doing an awkward about-face, YouTube decided to suspend advertising on Crowder's channel. Their new statement read, "We came to this decision because a pattern of egregious actions has harmed the broader community and is against our YouTube Partner Program policies."

This June 5 statement said the company would restore monetization if Crowder made changes to his channel. One of those changes? YouTube wanted him to remove a merchandise link to the "Socialism is for fags" T-shirt.

And then the story took another turn.

In a case of inelegant timing, YouTube, on that same day, announced a new initiative meant to target white supremacist videos and other forms of bigotry, including content claiming Jews secretly control the world, and material contending that women are intellectually inferior and should be subjugated and denied rights.

Apparently this move had been planned for a while, but from the outside it looked like the platform-wide sweep, and the glitches the dragnet entailed, had been in response to the Crowder situation. This spurred Crowder and many in his camp to point the finger at Maza and Vox Media, and say, essentially, "Maza and his left-wing company, partly owned by Comcast, parent company of NBCUniversal, started this whole shitshow with their bitching."

Hence use of the media company's name in the hashtag: #VoxAdpocalypse.

Republican strategist Andrew Surabian tweeted that left-wing media figures can get away with questionable online behavior because "they haven't perpetrated the unforgivable sin of offending @voxdotcom and @gaywonk." Ben Shapiro, tweeting on D-Day, took the view that Crowder's remarks were said in jest, and that Maza and his supporters were snowflakes for getting upset: "75 years ago: young Americans braved Nazi fire on beaches to liberate a continent and defend Constitutional rights. Today: young Americans whine about people making mean jokes about them on YouTube and demand censorship."

To Crowder, the tempest did indeed begin with an overly sensitive leftist unable to take a joke. The language he directed at Maza? "That's friendly ribbing," Crowder said on his show, his manner affable as ever. "Did I ever offhandedly use the term 'lispy queer'? I really don't remember it, but it sounds like me. Why? Because you speak with a lisp and you refer to yourself as a queer…. It's funny, and this is a comedy show."

If Crowder did not seem especially upset by YouTube's decision to pull his advertising, that was because he had other ways of making money from his channel, and knew the controversy would boost his profile in the conservative ecosystem.

In a June 11 VICE article headed "YouTube's Bungled Crackdown On Steven Crowder Only Made Him Stronger," a writer confirmed that #VoxAdpocalypse had been good for Crowder's brand. Thanks to the conservative outcry, Crowder was now viewed as "a martyr standing against Big Tech overreach" in the eyes of his fans and right-wing pundits.

Plus, the YouTube decision gave Crowder a golden opportunity to slam the media for perceived bias. In protesting against his videos, he said, Vox Media was trying to "silence voices that they don't like." Wearing a T-shirt emblazoned with the illustration of a handgun and the name of a show sponsor, gun manufacturer Walther, Crowder told his audience, "It's NBCUniversal versus you guys. This is David versus Goliath."

A week after #VoxAdpocalypse began, Crowder had collected 86K more channel subscribers, a big jump over his average of 15K weekly signups. He'd also sold a bunch of T-shirts and memberships to his Mug Club, which gave fans access to BlazeTV for a year, among other perks.

On June 7, Crowder even nominated Maza as his show's employee of the month, "for selling more Mug Clubs than ever in the company's history."

As for Maza, he was under no illusions when it came to the impact of YouTube's decision on Crowder's platform enterprise, one which could be earning Crowder upwards of $1.3M annually, according to Social Blade, a social media analytics firm.

On June 5, Maza tweeted, "Demonetizing doesn't work. Abusers use it as proof they're being 'discriminated' against. Then they make millions off of selling merch, doing speaking gigs, and getting their followers to support them on Patreon. The ad revenue isn't the problem. It's the platform."

(Crowder himself, on that same day, said, "We're not really beholden to the YouTube advertiser." This might be the only thing he and Maza agree on.)

In multiple tweets and in several interviews between May 30 and June 6, Maza drove home his point about YouTube's platform needing fixing.

"Steven Crowder is not the problem," he told Buzzfeed News, before mentioning conspiracy theorist and Infowars founder Alex Jones, famously banned by YouTube. "These individual actors are not the problem. They are symptoms and the product of YouTube's design, which is meant to reward the most inflammatory, bigoted, and engaging performers."

This echoed an earlier tweet where Maza put the matter starkly, suggesting there are people who enjoy watching a YouTube figure like Crowder engage in what Maza termed "cyberbullying." For some percentage of Crowder's audience, "homophobic/racist harassment is VERY 'engaging,'" Maza said. Talking to *Newsweek,* he was just as blunt: "Bigotry, tribalism, and bullying...gets incredible engagement."

And YouTube itself? The company prioritizes engagement, Maza argued, so Crowder was an "ideal creator" for their platform. Using the term "corporate cowardice," Maza told *Newsweek* that YouTube is "terrified of being accused of liberal bias."

Before YouTube changed its mind and demonetized Crowder, the tech blog Gizmodo asked how it reached the view that Crowder's videos did not break their rules. "Crowder has not instructed his viewers to harass Maza," YouTube replied.

But as Maza pointed out in a tweet, "His videos get millions of views on YouTube. Every time one gets posted, I wake up to a wall of homophobic/racist abuse on Instagram and Twitter." He said one day he was doxxed by a fan of Crowder's show and his phone got jammed with a hundred consecutive texts reading *debate steven crowder*. "I'm an easy target because I come off as stereotypically gay and make arguments about politics," Maza remarked to *Newsweek*. "I think his fans are just following the leader."

■■■

IF a figure like Steven Crowder, with his sponsorships, membership club, and income from speaking fees, doesn't have to worry about YouTube demonetization, that luxury doesn't hold for many monetized YouTubers with less platform prominence. They depend on this revenue.

PHOTO: MIKELEDRAY / SHUTTERSTOCK

To qualify for monetization, you need at least 1,000 subscribers and 4,000 hours of watchtime from viewers in the previous 12 months. YouTube gives the creator 55 percent of the ad revenue, and keeps the rest. Along with monetization, YouTubers can generate support from crowdfunding platforms like Patreon, and from the modest cut YouTube gives creators if their work runs on YouTube Premium, a monthly subscription service offering ad-free videos, music, and original series.

For the vast majority of smaller online creators, their YouTube income derives solely from that 55 percent revenue cut. And for this reason, it matters greatly to many monetized YouTubers how the company handles advertising on the site.

"There's a delicate balance between advertisers, YouTube, YouTubers, and video content," said 26-year-old transgender YouTube star Blaire White in a June 7 video titled "The Truth About Steven Crowder," a post that's been viewed a half million times.

White, interviewed in the September 2018 issue of this magazine (its title, "The Queen of Controversy," referred to White's willingness to broach hot-button issues like feminism, Black Lives Matter, transgender politics, rape culture, and fat-acceptance on her channel), went from being a "broke college student" to a high-profile YouTube creator with 670K subscribers and a platform income in just a few years. Though a vocal member of the LGBTQ community, she's also staunchly independent, and voted for Donald Trump in 2016. Currently defining herself as "center-right" and a "Republican with liberal ideas," with a mixed view of Trump now, she has appeared on Louder With Crowder several times.

Blaire White, in other words, is well-positioned to share some thoughts on YouTube's operational changes, channel monetizing, and the Crowder-Maza feud.

"Over the past couple years," White tells us, "it's gotten increasingly harder to monetize content on YouTube. They've become more and more skittish about losing big advertisers–you know, like Toyota, Pepsi, the big payers. And so they've sort of moved more toward the direction of wanting safer content. The problem with that is, based on YouTube's guidelines, it's very hard to determine what's safe and what's not."

Given that the content-review system remains far from perfect, White says channel creators regularly upload "incredibly safe" material that gets demonetized. "And political content especially," she adds. "Good luck getting any of that monetized." Meanwhile, she says, "CNN's YouTube channel, MSNBC's YouTube channel, late-night talk show hosts who do political segments, all those [channels] will be monetized. So there's a bit of hypocrisy, and YouTube definitely prioritizes major media."

When it comes to this summer's #VoxAdpocalypse, White, referring to the platform's many monetized creators, says "everyone sorta felt the heat" from YouTube's tweaks to the content algorithm. As for those moments in Crowder's videos when he takes shots at Maza, White says she gets why Maza was upset. In her June 7 video, she described Crowder's language as "seventh-grade insults."

Looking back at the controversy now, White says, "I don't think making fun of someone for being gay is especially funny." However, she also has issues with Maza's reaction, which she found overblown. And making reference to Maza's Tucker Carlson-knocking Twitter bio, she adds, "Calling someone a white supremacist when they're clearly not is a lot more defamatory than calling someone a queer or flamer." In her video, she called Maza a "tattletale" who ran to "corporate Big Mommy"—YouTube—instead of finding a less explosive way of responding to Crowder.

When asked if she thinks Crowder is homophobic, transphobic, or racist, White says, "My experience with Crowder has been good. He's been kind to me and I'm a trans woman. I can't reach for him being any of those things."

Speaking to her audience of fans in that early-June video, White added a wrinkle to her take on Crowder. She said based on her interactions with him when the camera wasn't shooting, she believes his "LGBTQ views are much more mild in real life than he portrays on the show."

So that harsher stance he takes on his show? "It's what his audience wants," she said. "It's more of an act."

* * *

AT summer's end, a 29-year-old YouTuber—Sweden's Felix Kjellberg, aka "PewDiePie," the platform's biggest star—reached a milestone so major he got a letter of congratulations from YouTube CEO Susan Wojcicki, which he read aloud in a video on his channel. Kjellberg, who began his rise by posting videos of himself playing games like *Resident Evil,* shrieking and telling jokes, before moving into social commentary and news satire, with an anti-PC slant, had just passed the 100M-subscriber threshold.

There's irony in this congratulatory letter, given that Kjellberg's content controversies, which first detonated in early 2017, had caused trouble for YouTube, including negative press coverage, severed partnership deals, and criticism from organizations like the Anti-Defamation League, dedicated to fighting anti-Semitism.

It's an indicator of the unprecedented environment YouTube has brought the world that the PewDiePie saga involves, on one end of the behavioral spectrum, grade-school kids innocently enjoying Kjellberg's gaming videos and moments of silly satire ("my army of nine-year-olds," the YouTuber calls his fanbase), and on the other end, a white supremacist mass murderer, Brenton Tarrant, who, while livestreaming his slaughter of 51 people at two mosques in New Zealand this past March, uttered the words, "Subscribe to PewDiePie." It was a reference to a global meme with its roots in a campaign by Kjellberg and fans to keep a corporate channel based in India from overtaking him in audience numbers.

YouTube walked a fine line with Felix Kjellberg—a tightrope, even—enabling his growth, and profiting from it, while fending off criticism for supporting him, and hoping he wouldn't push too hard on their content parameters.

Powered by antipathy toward political correctness and skepticism about the mainstream media, Kjellberg's reach extends all the way to the so-called "Intellectual Dark Web" via figures like libertarian YouTuber Dave Rubin and Canadian psychologist Jordan Peterson, author of *12 Rules for Life*. In December of 2018, Rubin tweeted the PewDiePie meme and a video of Peterson subscribing to Kjellberg's channel on his phone.

The blue-eyed Swede makes a lot of money, too, even with the dissolution of some lucrative deals following press coverage and social media anger at his most questionable video moments. (More on these shortly.) According to a *Forbes* article on top-earning YouTubers, Kjellberg earned $15.5M last year, with sponsored videos on his channel costing up to $450K.

Kjellberg got rich off YouTube, and YouTube has made a lot of money from hosting his videos. Stars like him have helped the platform cement its status as the second most popular website in the world, one spot above Facebook, and trailing only Google, according to Lifewire. Five hundred hours of video content are uploaded every minute. The company earns billions annually. YouTube needs creators like Kjellberg.

Hence that letter from the CEO.

But this dance between the platform and a creator like Kjellberg is a delicate one, to use Blaire White's word. Along with great benefit, the PewDiePie channel has been a YouTube headache. (A plus-minus situation, not unlike the one in June when the Crowder storm arose.) YouTube walked a fine line with Felix Kjellberg—a tightrope, even—enabling his growth, and profiting from it, while fending off criticism for supporting him, and hoping he wouldn't push too hard on their content parameters.

Their relationship grew extremely strained in February 2017 when the *Wall Street Journal* published a story identifying nine recent PewDiePie videos that the story's writers said contained anti-Semitic jokes and Nazi imagery. In one, to satirize the Fiverr freelancer site, where you pay someone to perform a menial task, Kjellberg used Fiverr to hire two South Asian men and instructed them to hold up a sign reading "Death to all Jews." In another, Kjellberg dressed in a brown military uniform and nodded along to footage of Hitler giving a speech.

In the eyes of his fans, this is Kjellberg doing what he does—pushing humor to the limit, being as irreverent as he can be, with a glint in his eye. Some of the videos were taken down, and Kjellberg said he meant no harm by them, adding, "I understand that these jokes were ultimately offensive." But the damage had been done. Disney's Maker Studios ended their affiliation with him. YouTube cancelled the release of *Scare PewDiePie Season 2,* a YouTube Premium reality series. And YouTube's parent company Google dropped him from its premium advertising program, Google Preferred.

After repeatedly mocking the *Wall Street*

Journal and one of the writers on the original PewDiePie story, Kjellberg eventually moved on and the controversy died down. But in late 2018, Kjellberg reignited things by recommending the channel of a creator called EsemicolonR, or E;R, whose videos have openly anti-Semitic, racist, and white nationalist content. "You also have E;R," said Kjellberg on his channel, "who does great video essays." He went on to speak of enjoying an E;R movie-review video that joked about Heather Heyer's death while protesting the white supremacist march in Charlottesville, Virginia. E;R's caption for the video uses the word "Niglet" in reference to a black character.

When an uproar followed, Kjellberg said he'd made an "oopsie" and hadn't realized the true nature of E;R's channel or the offensive content of the video.

Late this past summer, in a surprise move, Kjellberg announced he was going to donate $50K to the Anti-Defamation League. Why? "To put an end to the alt-right accusations that have been thrown against me," Kjellberg said. But a short time later he changed his mind, which quieted some of his fans perplexed by the defiant YouTuber's ADL idea.

Explaining his walk-back, Kjellberg said he should have picked a charity he was "passionate about," instead of one suggested by an advisor. While first broaching this notion of giving to the ADL, however, Kjellberg, in a video, grew reflective, telling his audience, "I made a lot of mistakes on the way, but I've grown. I feel like I've finally come to terms with the responsibilities I have as a creator."

Then, with a laugh, he added, "100 subs too late."

■■■

2017 was a tough year for YouTube on the public relations and advertising fronts.

Along with the PewDiePie scandal, the *Wall Street Journal* and the London *Times* published stories detailing that YouTube's algorithmic software had placed advertising from companies like Coca-Cola, Amazon, and Microsoft on videos trafficking in hate speech and terrorist recruitment. A huge advertiser boycott followed—the first major "adpocalypse."

Walmart, McDonald's, Starbucks, Verizon, and Proctor & Gamble were among the many companies to remove ads. That wave of pull-outs was followed by another one later in the year when news reports revealed pedophiles were hanging out on video channels showing children—leaving disturbing comments, and even trying to groom victims. YouTube's pedophile problem reemerged last February when a platform user named Matt Watson posted a video demonstrating, with disturbing clarity, how what he called a "wormhole" had enabled a whole network of pedophiles to share videos, leave sexualized comments, post timestamps linking to certain video frames, and trade links to child pornography.

Watson's video went viral, and Nestlé and Epic Games, among other companies, yanked their ads, vowing to return only if YouTube fixed its pedophile problem, one first reported on more than six years ago.

Improving its systems for identifying harmful content and keeping "bad actors" (as YouTube calls them—be they ISIS recruiters, child-sex predators, or neo-Nazis) off the platform remains job one for the company. But the scope of the challenge is enormous, with more than a billion users. At the end of 2017, CEO Wojcicki announced ramped-up efforts to prevent bad actors "from exploiting our openness," as she put it. Steps included machine-learning techniques to find extremist content, and added staff to reach 10,000 employees "working to address content that might violate our policies."

But as we saw in the Crowder-Maza controversy, one person's cyberbullying is another person's ribbing. Where does YouTube draw the line?

As the *New York Times* put it this past summer, "Internet platforms are the primary battlegrounds of the culture wars, [and] content moderation is going to be at the heart of it." And in a world of ideological divisions, "YouTube can't be what everyone wants all the time," as Blaire White observed in her June video.

Consider the trickiness of evaluating what YouTube calls "borderline" content. In a late-August letter to millions of channel creators, Susan Wojcicki said some "controversial or even offensive content" will remain online, in order to keep YouTube an open platform. "It's our job to strike the right balance between openness and responsibility," she wrote.

■■■

EXAMPLES of media and pop-culture figures getting in trouble after saying or posting things judged offensive are easy to find these days, of course.

Two from 2019 that come to mind are Shane Gillis getting canned from *Saturday Night Live* just days after joining the cast (he'd used the word "chinks" and—in the eyes of those who blasted him on social media and demanded his ouster—crossed other lines in podcasts from 2018), and the "Sword and Scale" true-crime podcaster Mike Boudet, who was dropped by his corporate backer after posting this on his show's Instagram channel on International Women's Day: "I don't understand dumb cunts. Maybe I should take one apart to see how it works."

Boudet was already a controversial figure at the time of this post, having previously come under fire for comments about women, gay people, and the mentally ill. And though he may not have been entirely surprised by the reaction to his post, he did not take the outcome—the ending of his contract with American podcast giant Wondery—quietly.

In a SoundCloud response, Boudet spoke of a witch hunt, censorship, and the silencing of someone who believes in "independent thought." He said a mob came after him because he'd been "deemed a bad person who says bad words." He signed off by saying to his fans, "Maybe I am an asshole, but I'm an asshole you will no longer be able to hear."

Shane Gillis and Mike Boudet—deserving of their fates? Were their employer's decisions understandable, given, among other factors, the threat of ongoing protest campaigns, workplace tension, and advertiser pull-outs?

Needless to say, there was a difference of opinion on social media platforms.

But in the case of hugely popular YouTube music reviewer Anthony Fantano, a 33-year-old Connecticut native who *Spin* magazine called "modern music's most successful individual critic," there should be greater agreement across much of the ideological spectrum, if not all of it, that Fantano was the victim of a bogus, bad-faith hit piece in October of 2017.

That was when music and lifestyle mag *The Fader*—running content so misleading they ultimately had to delete it from the internet and offer Fantano a settlement—published a story accusing the critic of "pandering to the alt-right" on his lesser-known, meme humor channel, That Is The Plan.

Yes, the takedown article got Fantano so wrong in terms of what it implied about his politics and vision of the world that the article itself had to be taken down.

If you want a fuller picture of the controversy, the best thing to do is watch his October 6, 2017, YouTube reply titled "The Fader Response." It's 21 minutes of calm, devastating, witty rebuttal that wipes the floor with the distortion-filled piece. One thing Fantano does in this video, which has been viewed more than 1.3M times, is demonstrate, with social-media-post and YouTube proof, that's he's been entirely open about his politics over the years—and they're about as far from alt-right as the music of Philip Glass is from a song by GWAR. As Felix Kjellberg, aka PewDiePie, might say: "Oopsie."

As Fantano tells us in the video, delve into his online record and you'll find "a pretty obvious liberal slant" and positivity toward some "pretty left-wing ideals."

In 2016, on Tumblr, a commenter, using the acronym for social justice warrior, wrote, "Hey bro. Longtime fan here. Was just wondering why [you are] such a SJW vegan pussy." Fantano replied, "Because my parents raised me right."

In his video response to *The Fader,* you do get the bespectacled critic copping to the fact that yes, it's true, he once made a joke about "SJWs." As for the humor content on his now-defunct meme channel, Fantano says, "There was nothing on it that had any more edge or was any more out there than what you might catch on a new *South Park*."

"They were inevitably going to get to the point of what the *Wall Street Journal* reported on—like a Coke ad running on a white supremacist or ISIS video. YouTube shot itself in the foot with that."

YouTube
Broadcast Yo

Also relevant? His vibrant openness toward all music genres, musical artists of all races, women musicians, gay musicians, trans musicians—just check out his thousands of video reviews for a sense of his range, and the breadth of his enthusiasms.

A critic so widely followed he was recently dubbed the "Roger Ebert of music" by the FFWD, a publication that covers online video, Fantano—who calls himself "the world's busiest music nerd"—is now iconic enough to provide the visual inspiration for the first animated figure, a balding, round-headed security guard, to appear in the "Area 51" remix video for Lil Nas X's colossal 2019 hit "Old Town Road," breaker of *Billboard*'s record for most consecutive weeks at the top of its Hot 100 chart.

PHOTO: PIXXART / SHUTTERSTOCK

Fantano owes his career—and his fame—to the YouTube platform. Back in 2009, having been posting stuff on That Is The Plan since 2007, he created The Needle Drop, which now boasts nearly two million subscribers. He pioneered video music-reviewing, and from the start was so good at what he did he was the first music vlogger YouTube picked for an ad-revenue partnership. His takes on high-profile albums, like Kanye's *The Life of Pablo,* can grab well over a million views.

When the creators of YouTube were envisioning their platform, Fantano is the kind of figure they hoped would emerge—an independent voice, a creator on his own, who intuited that authenticity, passion, humor, and being himself was the way forward on YouTube. On this platform, you can be a music nerd, with big, blocky glasses, fighting a losing battle against your hairline, but if you work hard—Fantano has been posting multiple album reviews weekly, along with other music content, for years—you might find yourself rising so high in your field you inspire comparisons to Roger Ebert.

Prior to launching The Needle Drop, Fantano had worked in music radio for Sirius and a local NPR affiliate. We asked him to compare these experiences with his current gig.

"As annoying as YouTube can be sometimes," he says, "I still prefer the platform. It allows me quite a bit of freedom, independence. My only boss, my only rule-set, really, comes from my fans. If I'm not pleasing them, I'm not doing my job correctly."

Fantano understands why YouTube felt moved to alter their monetization-eligibility rules. The current, more restrictive policy appeared in early 2018.

"Personally, I thought the ability for any channel to be monetized right out of the gate was a silly one," he tells us, "because they were inevitably going to get to the point of what the *Wall Street Journal* reported on—like a Coke ad running on a white supremacist or ISIS video. YouTube shot itself in the foot with that."

As someone who saw up close what can happen when an article is written at least in part in hopes of capitalizing off outrage clicks and social media cancel culture, we asked Fantano what is was like when *The Fader* went after him.

"It was a few weeks of lost sleep," he replies. "Up until that article, people had no reason to believe anything it was saying. Maybe several hundred people unsubscribed from me instantaneously. But I gained back way more subscribers after I had sort of explained the situation. People saw the whole thing as the bunk it was."

When asked about the Crowder-Maza clash, Fantano points to the size of Crowder's YouTube audience, a reflection of the way the video platform has grown to be prodigious world-wide, and culture-shaping in its influence.

"If you had a platform on television where you were getting as many views as Crowder, you could not get away with calling Maza out on his name, making fun of his sexuality. You couldn't get away with that, even on Fox News. So what makes you think you'd bear no responsibility for doing the same thing just because you're on the internet?

"The digital platforms are bigger now," Fantano continues. "The advertising dollars are bigger. You can't go onto the internet and hurl a rock without hitting somebody who's made it their profession in some way, shape, or form. And with all that power and money is going to come responsibility, accountability. You can't keep conducting yourself, internet-wise, like every freakin' page you're on is 4chan. You know what I mean? It's not reality."

In the coming months and years, more controversies will no doubt arise on YouTube. The platform's moderation policies and performance can't please everyone, and will again draw fire, chances are good, from both conservatives and those on the left, depending on the issue that flares into view. The company will keep on improving its technology, when it comes to content scrutiny and other dimensions, and will keep on walking that cultural tightrope, trying to strike enough of a balance between openness and responsibility so that the worst people do is criticize the platform, rather than abandon it or try to legislate it.

And as all this plays out, a lot of us will be watching.

Phil Hanrahan is features editor and Game On columnist for Penthouse, and the author of "Life After Favre."

JaggerXTC is a writer specializing in online entertainment. He is also a filmmaker and has worked with a variety of content creators on YouTube.

#INSTA GORGEOUS

A picture may be worth a thousand words, but photos of these Instagram beauties leave us speechless.

THE digital revolution means nearly everyone has a camera in their pocket, and social media lets us all plug in and stay connected. But it takes special skills to craft a successful Instagram account filled with eye-catching images—though it doesn't hurt when you're also a drop-dead gorgeous girl.

Here at *Penthouse,* we know a thing or two about stunning women, and now we're shining a spotlight on some of Instagram's most heavenly bodies.

It's easy to see why these glamorous models have garnered attention from millions. Sexy, confident, and creative, they've put their hearts and souls into their work—and we're the lucky stiffs who get to enjoy the fruits of their labor.

But even for the most photogenic hotties, the site is about more than staging the perfect shot. In reality, that's only the beginning. Social media allows creators to engage with followers and build a rapport as they grow their audience—and that's where these digital stars shine.

@violets.tv, 1.3M

Phoenix-based Violet Summers is a 19-year-old ray of sunshine whose account is filled with images of her astounding body and playful personality.

@cjsparxx, 604.2K

CJ Sparxx is a West Hollywood-based model and performer. Half Mexican, half German, this former farm girl is now also a committed vegetarian.

@alyshiabarragan, 74.5K

Mexican-Colombian model Alyshia Barragan has more than 70 bikinis in her closet, but, honestly, a body like hers would look good in a burlap sack.

@miafitvera, 6.8K

Magnificent Mia is a trainer, and based on photos of her fit figure, we say she's a damn good one, too.

@soniaamats, 2.2M

Sonia Amat is a fitness model who's participated in several reality shows, including Mexico's *Calendar Girls* and *A lo Maya,* and Spain's *Change Me.*

@dazedbabe, 35.9K

We're dazed, too! Daisy Marchesi is an aerialist, a contortionist, and a curvaceous beauty!

@pix6ie, 8.3K

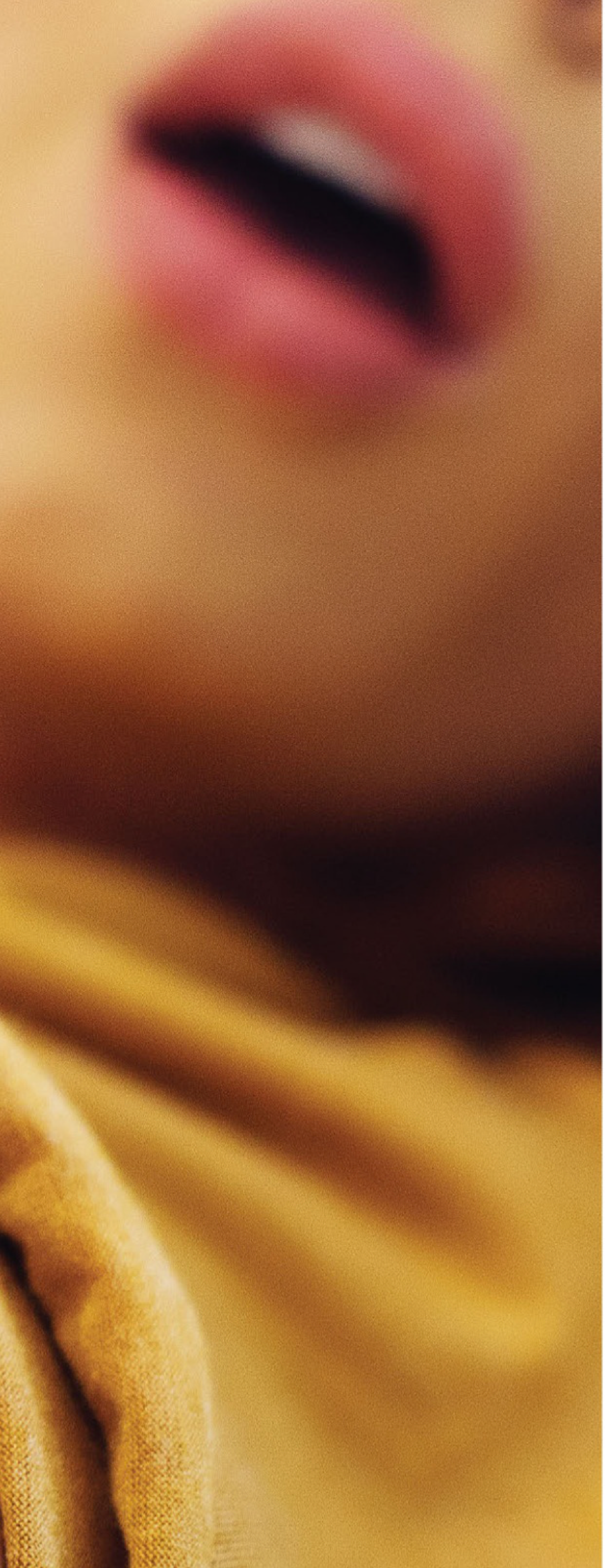
At five-foot-three, Jessica Davidson, aka Pixie, is a tiny dancer, except for her "perky bum" and "natural double Ds." She makes a point of assuring her fans, "Don't worry...I don't bite. (Too much.)"

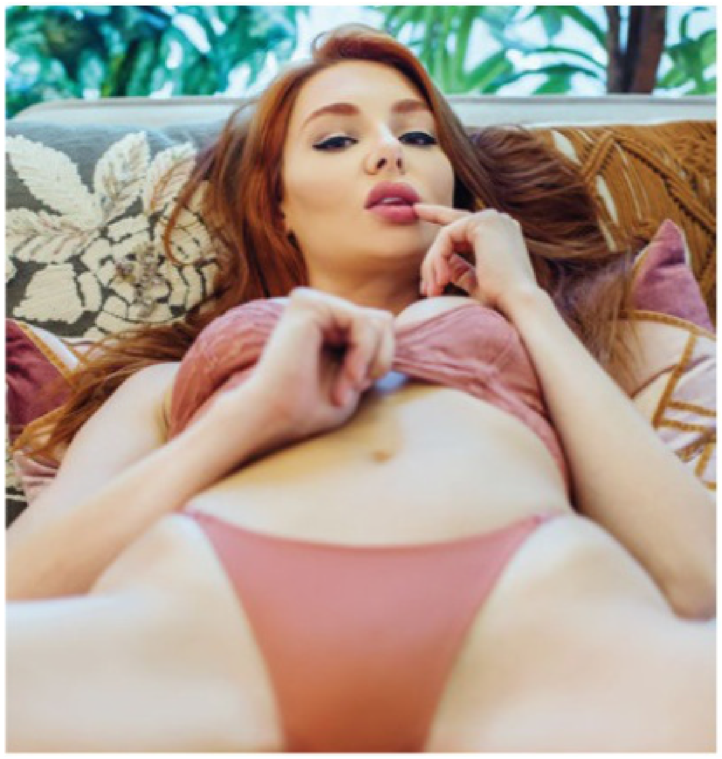
NOVEMBER PET OF THE MONTH

LACY LENNON

FIRECRACKER Lacy Lennon is a real live wire. Our November Penthouse Pet of the Month grew up as a globe-trotting military brat and is still on the lookout for amazing adventures. The ravishing redhead says getting down and dirty on camera is her “dream job.” And for that we give thanks!

PHOTOGRAPHY
RYAN CALDERON





On her favorite sexual fantasy…
"An evening in Paris on a warm night in a beautiful hotel room. He takes me to the balcony, starts to kiss my neck, and just says soft, affectionate things in my ear. Then we have sex under the stars to start, and in the bedroom to finish with some pillow talk and cuddles."

On what she does in her spare time…
"I am such an outdoorsy type of girl! You will always find me with my dog, Riley, somewhere outside. We love the beach, hiking, mountains, and snow."

On her favorite food and drinks…
"I really love curry and rice. I love sushi, as well, and charcuterie boards with wine. I am definitely a wine girl."

On her pet peeves…
"People with egos make me fly off the handle. It is an insecurity, in my eyes."

On her favorite sex position…
"I love it all! Mainly, I really love any position as long as I have a butt plug in, something in my vagina, and my clit being stimulated, too. I have the most intense orgasms that way."

On whether she's straight, lesbian, or bisexual…
"I am pansexual, but even that has too many restriction. I like what I like, and I have no limitations."

On the most orgasms she's had in a day…
"I didn't know you were supposed to keep count! Recently, a guy made me come five or six times easy, the first time we had sex that day. There's no stopping this nympho!"

SHARE THE LOVE

Did you just have the wildest night of your life? Did your greatest fantasy come true? Or did you spy the sensual goings-on of other uninhibited adventurers.

Share the love and spill all your secrets. Tell your story to Penthouse, and you may see your letter in these very pages.

E-mail your torrid tales to **Letters@Penthouse.com**

⇩ TEAR HERE ⇩

PENTHOUSE®

NOVEMBER 2019 PET OF THE MONTH

Lacy Lennon

⇩ TEAR HERE ⇩

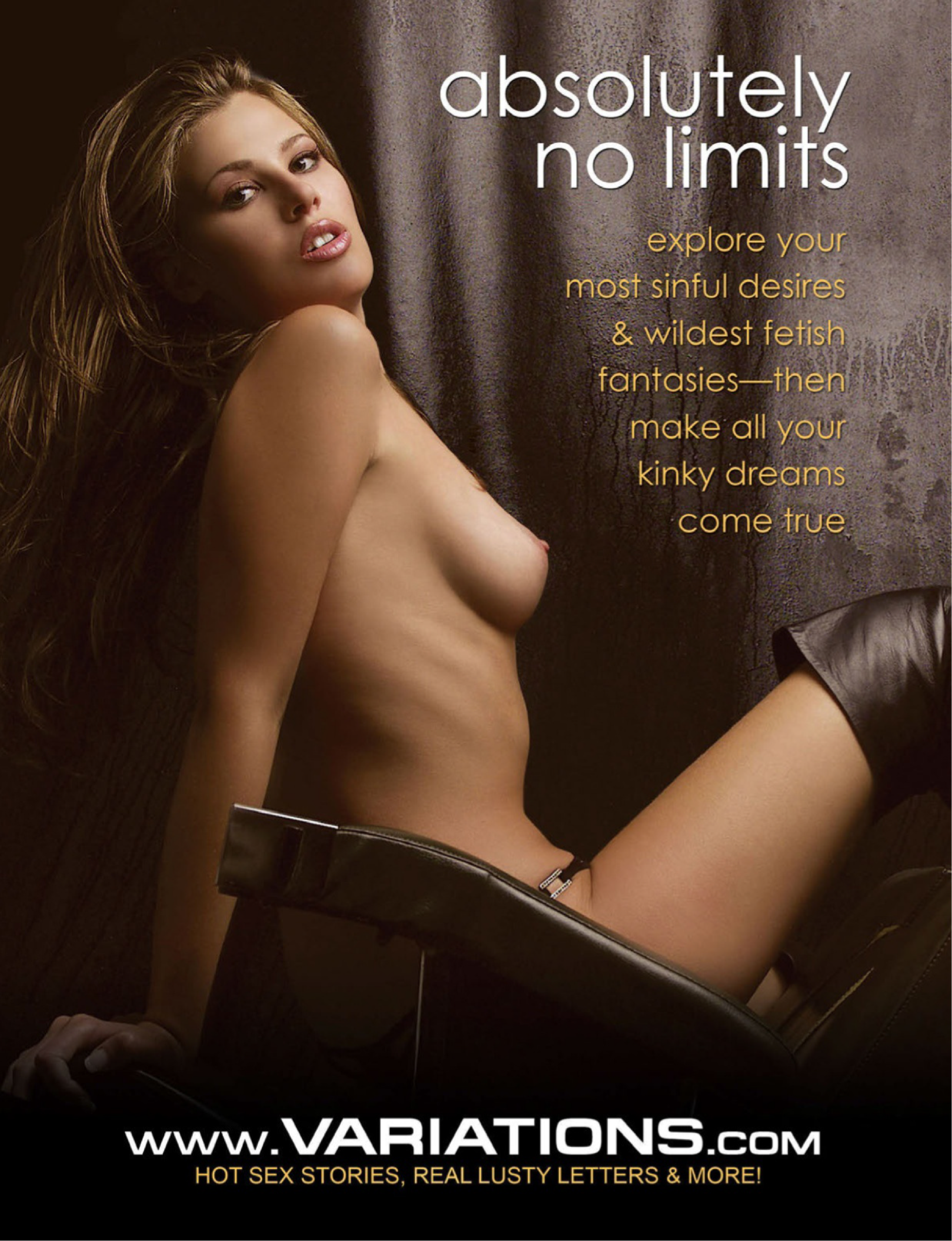
SEE MORE OF LACY AT PENTHOUSE.COM

PENTHOUSE®

DECEMBER 2019 PET OF THE MONTH

Anny Aurora

SEE MORE OF ANNY AT PENTHOUSE.COM


absolutely
no limits
explore your
most sinful desires
& wildest fetish
fantasies—then
make all your
kinky dreams
come true
www.VARIATIONS.com
HOT SEX STORIES, REAL LUSTY LETTERS & MORE!

DECEMBER PET OF THE MONTH

ANNY AURORA

WITH one smoldering look, German-born beauty Anny Aurora makes temperatures rise—which is why she's the perfect choice for December's Penthouse Pet. This natural wonder is only 23, but she's wise beyond her years—and we're eager to learn her secrets.

PHOTOGRAPHY
JAMES CHARLES

On her favorite thing about her hometown…
“I love to relax in the park at the Rhine River in Cologne. I love the people, who are extremely open-minded and cool.”

On how she got involved in the adult industry…
“In Germany, I was involved in the swinger community and started webcamming just for fun!”

On her first on-camera sexual experience…
“I was super nervous, but after five minutes—and someone eating my pussy—I was totally down, chill, and horny!”

On her favorite thing about her job...
“I get paid to fuck beautiful human beings!”

On her biggest turn-ons…
“I love people who have a good sense of humor and a healthy body.”

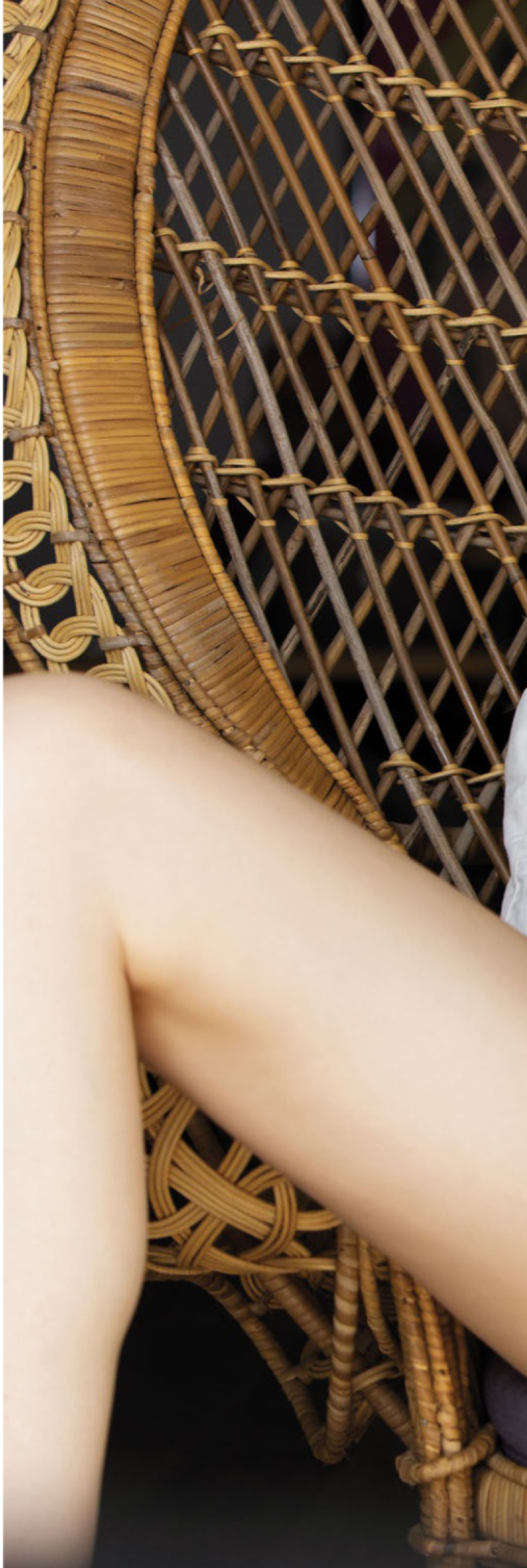
On when she decides to have sex with a new partner…
“I know by the first or second date—and I don’t care about the place. It can be wherever things happen naturally.”

On her ideal lover…
“He or she should be smart, funny, open-minded, emotional, and loving—and on the same experience level in life as me.”

On what qualities she most appreciates in others…
“I love it when people can joke about themselves! Humor is the sexiest quality a person can possess.”

On her favorite way to relax…
“I’ll do yoga or play videogames.”

On the most daring things she’s ever done…
“Get into porn, move to a different continent, and get a dog.”



POWER COUPLE

Social media entrepreneurs Adam Grandmaison and Lena Nersesian say they're "so fucking boring." Fans who watch them smoke weed with rappers, hang out with porn stars, and have three-ways with friends might disagree.

"I THINK people would be surprised to find out what a humble, normal, real relationship we have," says Adam Grandmaison.

"Yeah," agrees his partner, Lena Nersesian. "If someone pointed a camera on us and watched our lives, they'd be like, 'These people are so fucking boring.'"

The thing is, Grandmaison and Nersesian really do have cameras pointed at them much of the time, and the people watching the footage don't seem inclined to wander away. In just three years, under the *nom de web* Lena The Plug, Nersesian has cultivated a seven-digit following across a host of platforms, including Instagram, Twitter, Snapchat, YouTube, and PornHub. Much of her content is explicit—she was 2018's PornHub Celebrity of the Year, and Fleshlight unveiled a Lena The Plug model earlier this year. But on her more mainstream channels she also posts plenty of conventional lifestyle-vlogger material: updates on her personal life, tours of her new house, and cheerful videos of herself and Grandmaison on vacation.

Meanwhile, Grandmaison, known online as Adam22, presides over an ever-growing array of business enterprises. A BMX rider himself, he started out in 2006 running a successful BMX website called The Come Up. Three years later, he opened his clothing line and retail outlet OnSomeShit, and then, in 2015, launched his podcast, "No Jumper," a loosely formatted interview show that showcases Grandmaison's ear for new and breaking underground rap talent, and his knack for drawing those same artists into candid and unguarded conversations. (He did important early interviews with the likes of XXXTentacion and Lil Pump.) These days, "No Jumper" is one of the key publicity stops for any aspiring SoundCloud rapper—the bigger your personality, the better.

Grandmaison is currently toying around with writing a book, having been inspired by Howard Stern's latest memoir, *Howard Stern Comes Again*. The comparison seems apt—like Stern, Grandmaison is a bad boy with a talent for talking, a fascination with the porn world, and not-so-secret entrepreneurial ambitions. By that token, Nersesian is, with her sunny personality and a sexual forthrightness that belies her conservative upbringing, the girl-next-door whose presence brings out Grandmaison's sweeter side.

"Our fans are fascinated by our dynamic," Grandmaison says. "I seem to be such a rough, blunt, aggressive person and she seems so sweet, that it's hard to imagine how that dynamic plays out. In reality, it works out great."

I spoke to Grandmaison and Nersesian over the phone from their home in Los Angeles to learn more. It may not have been the wildest threesome they've ever participated in, but they were characteristically open with me.

PHOTOGRAPHY **JAMES DOUGLAS**
WORDS **PAUL JAMES**

They say that one reason actors tend to date other actors is that they're the only ones who understand their lifestyle. Is that also true of people in the socia media world?

Adam: Definitely. I've seen the transition in how people act around us as we've gone from being regular people to being more well-known. For instance, we have some movers who've known us for a while, and they keep moving us from house to house, and the houses keep getting bigger. Every time we see those guys, they go, "Whoa! This is insane! This has been happening really fucking fast." For me, I keep forgetting that shit has changed a lot for us.

Lena: There is so much maintenance that goes into our presence. In most companies, the person running it will have someone they can hand things off to. But if the whole business is your personality, that's not possible. I can't tell my assistant to log into my Twitter and go be me, you know? It becomes a little draining—did you update your Snapchat today? Did you update your Twitter? Your personality has to be out there constantly, and it has to be consistent for you to continue doing what you do.

Adam: And in Lena's case, she's constantly choosing between doing adult content that she's going to make more money from, or doing the YouTube content that might appeal more to her female fans, but which is much harder to monetize.

What would be the ideal ratio between those two streams for you?

Lena: Honestly, the adult stuff is probably 90 percent of my output—and that probably represents 99.9 percent of my income. So as much as I might like it to break down fifty-fifty, I can't just take a break from doing adult content for a whole month and act like it's going to be okay.

What were you two like in high school? Would a guidance counselor have figured you were entrepreneurs in the making?

Adam: I think my parents and teachers were probably disappointed in me, because they could tell I was smart, but I just had a total inability to funnel that into anything positive. I wore all black and rode my BMX bike to school every day. I never went to the prom, I never went to any dances, I didn't socialize all that much. The only stuff I was into was rap music, hardcore music, and riding my bike. That was it.

Lena: If Adam's report card said, "Doesn't play well with others and refuses to follow the rules," mine was the complete opposite. I loved going to school—for me, it was an escape from being at home. I joined all sorts of activities. I think people sometimes assume I was a bad kid with a bad upbringing and that's how I ended up where I am now. But I see it the opposite way. I don't think you can be successful at what I'm doing if you're not smart about it.

If you found yourself in a room with a bunch of "straight" businessmen, do you think underneath it all you'd actually have a lot in common with them? In the end, isn't it all just business?
Lena: Not entirely. I think a lot of business talk is oriented around how groups work together, or how to get the most out of your employees. I actually went to a Tony Robbins seminar once, but it didn't really apply to me—I think I was the only person in the room without a large staff and whose business was basically, you know, myself.

You can also get away with behavior that the CEO of a Fortune 500 company probably couldn't–smoking weed, talking about three-ways. But at the same time, does that limit you in terms of the opportunities you can pursue with more mainstream companies? Or do those kinds of partnerships not interest you?
Adam: I guess we're operating on the more illicit side of things. But at the same time, it's really a goal of ours to work with brands in a good way, and maybe persuade, say, a more mainstream fashion brand that there's no reason they can't partner with an influencer who's also a sex worker, or advertise on a podcast where everyone is smoking blunts the whole time.
Lena: I think the reality is, we will mostly get brands that are in that space. We are not going to be getting Target anytime soon. But that's great, because we won't have to change who we are just because some brand is advertising with us.

There's an interview you did in 2017, Adam, where you said if you ever faced a PR crisis, you thought you could survive it because of the relationship you've built with your fans. Not long after, in March 2018, a pair of women accused you of sexual assault. You denied the allegations–but were you right? Did your brand take more of a hit than you thought it might?

The Come Up

Adam: That stuff really did threaten to hinder my brand. But at the same time, the fact that I've been so open and honest, and Lena and I have such an open, extremely public relationship, that allowed this story to not be so big. When Kevin Spacey faced accusations, I don't think any of us really felt like we knew Kevin Spacey. But if someone says something about me, they're more willing to give me the benefit of the doubt in a way that someone with a less direct connection with their fans might not.

When you talk with others who make their living from social media, what are the things that make you all nervous?
Adam: Back in 2017, the YouTube "Adpocalypse" really alarmed a lot of us. [See "YouTube on a Tightrope," on page 36.] I think at that time, I was making $50,000 a month on YouTube, and then overnight I saw that turn into $5,000 a month. That was a huge, eye-opening experience. You can't get too comfortable–you need to pursue every moneymaking opportunity you can, whether it's brand deals, ads during the podcast, livestreaming my fans' music for donations, merchandising.
Lena: Your job can be taken from you on any platform at any time. It's up to them. I can make the same YouTube video that a beauty blogger would make and get no ads on it, simply because of who I am, not the content I put out.
Adam: Lena's Instagram has been deleted for months at a time for no reason. It feels like there's nothing you can do to make social media platforms actually give a shit about hot girls. If this were an issue about a certain religious group getting their Instagrams deleted, it would be front-page news. But no one is inclined to feel sympathetic about hot girls.
Lena: Twitter is actually the only online platform where sex workers are really safe. They don't take down nudity. It's definitely the most friendly platform for me.

Adam, if you had to restrict yourself to just one platform, what would it be?
Adam: I'm a YouTube guy. I love long-form content. Of course, when we do a long podcast with five minutes in the middle about white supremacist violence, even though we are obviously against it, that entire podcast will get age-restricted and demonetized. If you're someone like [Philip] DeFranco, who's talking about real news, he gets demonetized practically every day. Whereas if you're a makeup blogger or doing cooking videos, you don't have to deal with that. Nothing against makeup bloggers, but YouTube is kind of incentivizing people to make frivolous content. It sucks to see serious independent content from across the spectrum being treated so poorly. [*Laughs.*] Yeah, YouTube sucks.

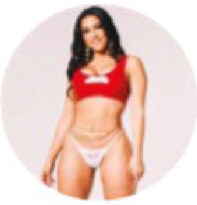
Paul James is a playwright, editor, broadcaster, and a film and pop-culture commentator for such outlets as CBC Radio and Salon. He is the cohost of the podcast "Trash, Art & the Movies." Follow him on Twitter: @myelbow

LENA THE PLUG

Lena Nersesian posted her first YouTube video in December 2016. Kneeling casually on her couch in a low-cut crop top and a pair of panties, she described her life as one awkward, unattractive phase after another. In high school, she was an overweight kid with braces and a big nose who chafed against her conservative Armenian upbringing. By the time she started college, she'd gotten a nose job, but soon entered a lesbian feminist phase, letting her armpit hair grow, never wearing makeup, and doing everything she could to give the patriarchy the middle finger. What led to her ultimate transformation into Lena The Plug? You can thank Lena's widening sexual tastes—and also the internet, where the moneymaking opportunities for curvaceous, uninhibited, entrepreneurial young women are practically limitless.

PHOTOGRAPHY **JAMES DOUGLAS**
WORDS **PAUL JAMES**

Pauline



LENA NERSESIAN (LENATHEPLUG)

INSTAGRAM: 2.2 MILLION FOLLOWERS
YOUTUBE: 1.49 MILLION SUBSCRIBERS
TWITTER: 917.2K FOLLOWERS
SNAPCHAT: 4,731 FOLLOWERS (PRIVATE ACCOUNT)

ADAM GRANDMAISON (ADAM22)

YOUTUBE (NOJUMPER CHANNEL): 3.01 MILLION SUBSCRIBERS
INSTAGRAM: 1.5 MILLION FOLLOWERS
TWITTER: 609K FOLLOWERS

NAUGHTY WIFE

BY JENNY NORDBAK

THE first time I topped my wife, I was nervous and just a little hesitant.

Seeming to realize this, Rebecca straddled me and asked, “Am I going to have to misbehave again to get the punishment I was promised?”

“Do you want it?” I asked, searching her expression, wishing there was some way to know for sure that she really wanted it and wasn’t just offering because she thought I did.

“I’ll show you how much I want it.”

She unfastened my pants and pulled my dick out of my shorts, eyes lighting up like she’d just unwrapped a present as she took it in her fist. She looked me in the eye, then licked her lips and worked it into her mouth.

Holy shit. I was going to make a fool of myself by coming immediately if I wasn’t careful.

She slid one hand down between her legs, taking as much control of her own pleasure as she was of mine. It was hot.

SHE SLID ONE HAND DOWN BETWEEN HER LEGS, TAKING AS MUCH CONTROL OF HER OWN PLEASURE AS SHE WAS OF MINE. IT WAS HOT.

I groaned raggedly, no longer able to think clearly. My dick hit her throat, making her choke and gag, but that only seemed to encourage her.

“Fuck, woman. I’m going to come too quickly. Stop for a minute.”

She looked up at me with a challenge in her eyes, but didn’t break her rhythm.

Make me, Daddy, her expression said.

I pushed on her shoulders, but that didn’t do anything. If I wanted her to stop, I was going to have to either try harder or safe out. There was never any shame in using a safe word, but I suspected I’d never live it down if I used it for a blowjob.

I fisted my hands, thrashing my head as I got closer to coming, at war with myself because I didn’t want it to end so soon but couldn’t bring myself to stop her.

I made a snap decision before it was too late, wrapping her hair through my fist and pulling, forcing her to let go of my dick and climb onto my lap. She looked surprised but excited, rewarding me with a wicked smile.

Because she was naked and now straddling me, her slick pussy rubbed against my hard dick, and I thought I might die from wanting to fuck her. Instead, I reached down to adjust my dick so it was grinding against her clit.

My hand was still gripping her hair, so I used it to pull her face to mine, kissing her hard and deep. Her tongue tangled with mine, vying for control.

I ground my cock against her clit, making her moan helplessly against my mouth, our power struggle forgotten in the face of pleasure.

“Don’t you dare come yet,” I said.

Instead of obeying me, she got that look in her eyes and deliberately rocked her hips faster, flouting my command. I pulled on her hair again, forcing her to stand up, then get on all fours in front of me on the ottoman.

“Oh God, yes,” she groaned. “Spank me now.”

She poised for the smack, but instead I plunged two fingers into her pussy, making her cry out. She was soaked, and all my doubts as to whether she was into this or not suddenly disappeared.

“I’ve been doing my homework, and I’ve read about what’s happening when you boss me around like that,” I said, lazily thrusting in and out of her as I slowly continued. “It’s called topping from the bottom. And I’m not taking orders from you at the moment.”

I flipped her over so she was lying on her back across the ottoman, then sank to the ground between her spread legs. I stroked her clit with my thumb, applying pressure as I continued to fuck her with my fingers. It only took a minute for her to come, the tight heat of her pussy clenching around my fingers. She dropped her head back, limbs loose while she lay silently panting.

It seemed she wanted a break. So I kept going. She tried to knock my hand away at first, so I said, “Turnabout is fair play, Rebecca. You’re going to have to use that safe word if you really want me to stop.”

I looped my arms over her legs, holding her hips in place so she couldn’t move. Then I lowered my head, pressing my tongue to her clit where my thumb had been. Her hips bucked under my arms and she wrapped her fingers in my hair, at first like she might push me

PHOTO: ROMAN SAMBORSKYI / SHUTTERSTOCK

away, but then pulled my head closer.

When she came again, I didn't think my dick could take much more after denying myself all night, so I sat back down on the couch and said, "Bend over."

I thrust all the way into her soaking wet pussy in one punishing stroke and started to fuck her hard. As I hammered her tight cunt, I spanked her, starting light and getting heavier until she was curling her toes and panting.

All hesitation I'd felt was gone, and I was caught up in the liberating power of pushing our boundaries. It was thrilling to be exploring new territory with someone I'd been intimate with for so many years.

"Touch yourself," I commanded.

She immediately slid an arm under herself, moaning and grinding as I continued to spank her. Her ass was turning a glowing red and the sight of it turned me on.

It sounded like she might come again, so I said, "This time you don't come without permission, greedy girl."

She groaned in protest, but I ignored it.

"Fuck, you have such a hot pussy. I want to taste it again," I told her, watching the way she writhed when I talked dirty to her.

"I'm coming…" she cried out, refusing to ask permission.

That was fine by me. It immediately gave me an excuse for her next punishment.

Jenny Nordbak is a retired dominatrix and author of "The Scarlett Letters: My Secret Year of Men in an L.A. Dungeon."

#SOCIAL*Pets*™

THE beautiful women who grace our pages have always had a special bond with their fans, but social media helps them take those relationships to a whole new level. With Twitter, Instagram, and other popular platforms, it's never been easier to get up close and personal with your favorite Penthouse Pet.

Through photographs and movies, these hotties have shared their unbridled erotic enthusiasm, but social media gives them a chance to really let their personalities shine.

The seven Pets featured here are more than just pretty faces and killer bods. Smart, sassy, and unafraid to speak their minds, these well-rounded ladies are rock stars when it comes to growing their digital presence. For them, success is more than just business, it's about engaging with their audience in real time—in a way pinups of the past could have never dreamed. But most of all, it's about having fun, sharing a little bit of themselves, and learning about their followers, too.

While it may seem like an exercise in building brands, it's truly about building connections.

AYUMI
ANIME
October 2017
Instagram @ayumianime, 1.2M
Twitter @AyumiAnime, 75.3K

Singer/songwriter Ayumi shares candid shots, outtakes from her shoots, and news about her up-and-coming recording career. “Music is my inspiration and my joy,” she says.

LEXI
BELLE
May 2013 / Pet of the Year 2014
Instagram @omgitslexi, 1.3M
Twitter @OMGitsLexi, 329.8K

Beautiful rebel Lexi works hard and plays hard. She keeps fans updated on her feature dancing schedule and upcoming projects as she posts snapshots of herself—and her adorable Yorkie.

KENDRA
SUNDERLAND
May 2015
Instagram @therealkendrasunderland, 1.6M
Twitter @KSLibraryGirl, 418K

Kendra's easy, breezy style comes through in her social accounts, where she documents her travels to exotic locales and shares more down-to-earth details, like her fantasy football picks!

SASHA
GREY

July 2007

Instagram @sashagrey, 1.5M

Twitter @SashaGrey, 1.3M

Powerhouse Pet Sasha Grey has built an impressive career since her *Penthouse* debut, and the artist/musician/DJ expresses her eclectic passions through her socially conscious posts.

EVA
LOVIA
December 2017
Instagram @lovialongtime, 2M
Twitter @fallinlovia, 362.1K

Eva's honest Insta bio says it all: "I cook things and take selfies." But with a bun in the oven, this photogenic chef is cooking up a whole new adventure!

VALENTINA
NAPPI

November 2013

Instagram @instavalentinanappi, 1.5M

Twitter @ValeNappi, 631K

Video vixen Valentina keeps fans updated on her latest and greatest performances, but this pet-loving Pet also shares shots of her adorable menagerie, including a rabbit, a hedgehog, and multiple lizards!

DANI
DANIELS
January 2012
Instagram @akadanidaniels, 2.8M
Twitter @akaDaniDaniels, 603K

Dani keeps it real on her social channels, revealing her glamorous and goofy sides while growing her fashion business and her new podcast, “2 Onions,” which she cohosts with husband Vic.

Delete "Twitter"?

Deleting this app will also delete its data.

Social media
Cancel
Delete

I DEACTIVATED MY TWITTER ACCOUNT...

And You Can, Too!

BY JOE DEROSA

On July 24, 2018, my final tweet read:

> ***Talking to my buddy @bramsec (Eric Abrams) about the state of humor and Twitter...and you know what? Fuck this. I'm out. I'll see ya'll later. Catch me on @Instagram. #deactivated***

The post was referencing the then-recent James Gunn/Disney debacle, wherein the famed director had been fired from *Guardians of the Galaxy Vol. 3.* The reason: some salacious (and meant to be humorous) comments he'd made on our most beloved social media platform. Gunn's temporary canceling–he's since been rehired in what I deem a major score for free speech–came on the heels of Roseanne being scrubbed from her revived sitcom, also over a bad joke. She, perhaps by choice, perhaps not, has yet to resurface.

As a stand-up comedian, the axing of two very successful comedy-centric individuals had me spooked. These were big dogs put out to pasture in an instant. That sort of thing tends to scare a litter runt like me.

To be honest, I've been called out plenty on Twitter. But my perceived missteps never affected me financially. That's thanks to my perpetual, albeit unintentional, level of anonymity. A lack of fame is a veil for financial protection. But there's always the chance–or at least the hope–my profile status will one day suddenly change. And if or when it does, the trolls will start digging. *The Daily Show*'s Trevor Noah and *SNL*'s Melissa Villaseñor both faced heat over old, borderline questionable tweets when they made the overnight transition from the shadows to the spotlight.

So…I was done. Why take the chance of having my own words used against me? I wasn't even sure if I'd ever tweeted anything that could be weaponized, but I sure as hell wasn't about to start digging through my timeline to check.

Many of my colleagues were going on deletion sprees. It seemed everybody in entertainment was. *The Last Jedi* director Rian Johnson erased some 20,000 tweets. I'm only aware of this because it made the news. Learning that some people's accounts were not only being scoured for incriminating evidence, but also

PHOTO: INK DROP / SHUTTERSTOCK

monitored for how much of that evidence was being trashed, was more than disheartening. It was frightening.

As fear continued to creep in, I started to reflect on my Twitter experience as a whole–what took place during the day-to-day. I quickly realized that folks in the entertainment biz weren't the only ones having a tough go of it. It was everybody. Thoughts were no longer met with discussion, but degradation. Debates were devolving into digital bar brawls. When like-minded individuals aligned on perspectives, they considered one another brilliant. Anyone at odds with them were demonized. Virtue had somehow transformed into dogma, ideology into science, and opinions into hard facts. Hopping on Twitter to check in with the culture was like attending a biblical stoning to see "what the public was up to."

So, my patience with and interest in this online community had been exhausted. It was time to shut the whole fucking thing down. I headed straight to my Twitter account settings.

It may have been an impulsive move. Maybe the real growth here would come from pressing on, and not pressing "Deactivate." Perhaps learning to live with Twitter like a malady, versus cutting it out like a cancer, was the way to go. But that's not where my head was at.

The extreme summer heat that day surely didn't nurture clear thinking. It was only noon and the outside temperature in Los Angeles had reached 94 degrees Fahrenheit. Ninety-four degrees with 56 percent humidity in a goddamned city whose blazingly judgmental social climate already has you sweating bullets. Had I instead been sitting on the front porch of a log cabin in Vermont, amidst a cool, whispering breeze, with only the sights and scents of forest trees surrounding me, I might have acted otherwise. But I wasn't, and I didn't.

Click!

In the months that followed, socially, I felt calmer, clearer, and happier. Turns out, the Twitter experience had immensely soiled and narrowed my worldview. I'd flat-out forgotten there were other, more constructive ways to interact with people. Even if people weren't interested in engaging in them, it was good to be reminded there was a better way. I liked being back in the real world, feet flat on the ground, my head out of the cloud. This new clarity proved there was undeniably something cleansing and, more importantly, something gained, from no longer jumping into the social media shit show.

Not that it all came without concern. When you break from the pack, certain fears are sure to rear their ugly heads. A part of me felt like I had cut myself off from information and interaction, like I'd permanently ditched my cell phone or resigned from using email. In truth, it was just the opposite. New channels of communication opened up, while the old corroded ones were shut down and sealed off.

Clicking "Deactivate" was like hitting the flush button in an airplane bathroom. Waste, filth, and impurity, magnificently sucked away in a flash. Gone was my anxiety about being smeared, my dismay about being shamed, and any foreboding thoughts of being bullied. I'd ended an abusive relationship. There were no more concerns like, "What will I be yelled at for today?" or "How long before I'm told I did something wrong?" or "When will the brigade of insults begin?" It often takes getting free and clear of a toxic force for you to realize the damage it's truly doing. For me, using Twitter was like living next to a Superfund site; over time, the poison covertly took its toll.

Flash-forward a year or so from that fateful day in July. I'm still Twitter-free, and my understanding of my relationship with the social network continues to deepen. Back in my tweeting days, I'd often wonder, Why do we use this platform in this fashion? This wonderful interface, constructed to provide a truly democratic experience, where individuals can exchange ideas evenly, has only transformed us into crazed dictators. *"What did you say?! Blocked!" "You think what?! Reported!"* What a horrible representation of us.

But over the last 14 months, I've come to realize Twitter isn't the malignancy I once made it out to be. It's just a minor symptom of a much greater disease: our addiction to self-sensationalism. We seem to be at our happiest in this country when we're screaming "YOU'RE TERRIFIC!" in the mirror, or "YOU'RE FUCKED!" out the window. What better place to indulge these twisted proclivities than an app that lives right in your pocket, accessible at all times, for any impulsive lashing-out or self-aggrandizing thought that pops into your head.

Sadly, the old-school social interactions I so greatly looked forward to weren't all that different from the newfangled ones online. I quickly noticed an undeniable increase in provocative discussions only being conducted in hushed tones, and people tapping out of most conversations once they got heavier than "What did you think of the *Game of Thrones* finale?" Common communication is barreling toward a one-sidedness that would put most fundamentalist televangelists to shame.

WE SEEM TO BE AT OUR HAPPIEST IN THIS COUNTRY WHEN WE'RE SCREAMING "YOU'RE TERRIFIC!" IN THE MIRROR, OR "YOU'RE FUCKED!" OUT THE WINDOW.

Turns out, Twitter isn't a bad representation of us. Twitter *is* us. And for that reason, most folks feel like they can't live without it. And maybe that's true.

Full disclosure: As of the publication of this piece, I am about to reactivate my account. Hypocritical? Probably. Experimental? Possibly. I'd like to think I'm reentering the relationship with a fresh understanding of myself. I have new boundaries, different expectations, and interest in real growth. I'm more in touch with what I'm looking for this time around. And if things don't go exactly how I want them to, I'll just jump ship again. After all, I'm a self-indulgent, self-centered addict of self-sensationalism…just like everyone else.

Joe DeRosa is an American stand-up comedian, author, musician, actor, producer, director, editor, television writer, and podcast host.

THE CRACK ERA
THE RISE, FALL AND REDEMPTION OF KEVIN CHILES
KEVIN CHILES
WITH RICHARD RAY, Esq.

Diddy and Chiles at Don Diva's tenth anniversary party, 2010

ASCENT OF A HIP☆HOP HUSTLER

Before his fall, *Don Diva* founder Kevin Chiles soared high in the eighties drug game.

INTERVIEW BY SETH FERRANTI

LEGENDARY Harlem hustler Kevin Chiles rose to prominence during the 1980s crack era. Busted at the height of the U.S. government's "War on Drugs" in the early nineties, Chiles took the feds to trial twice. When the juries couldn't reach decisions, mistrials were declared. But with federal prosecutors escalating their targeting of family and friends, Chiles eventually pleaded out to a ten-year sentence and was sent to prison to do his time.

It was during his incarceration years, in the belly of the beast, that Chiles founded *Don Diva* magazine, the outlaw's bible. Every issue features stories on infamous gangsters and street figures from the urban underworld. After getting locked up, Chiles could have rested on his street cred and let his legend reverberate through the chronicles of hip-hop lore. But he's always been driven, and once he got his idea, he vowed to make *Don Diva* happen.

The magazine's twist is that it interviews its subjects—many of them serving life sentences for their crimes—straight from the penitentiary. Its writers uncover stories you don't see in mainstream news outlets, and *Don Diva* has an insider understanding of the world it chronicles. Chiles got out of prison in January 2004, and the magazine he founded from a cell block 20 years ago is still going strong.

Chiles and his wife Tiffany, who's helped him run *Don Diva* since the start, have turned their enterprise into a thriving lifestyle brand complete with a highly trafficked website, a clothing line, DVDs, concert promotions, and books. The quarterly publication itself has been featured in the *Washington Post, New York Times,* VICE, and Huffington Post.

Penthouse sat down with Chiles to find out just how big he got during the eighties, who his contemporaries were, and what the Harlem drug-game was like back then. We also wanted to hear about his experience being thrown into the criminal justice machinery, his time in federal prison, and the tragic way his own mother got caught up in the chaos—subjects he's retraced in a book he recently wrote about his life, called *The Crack Era: The Rise, Fall & Redemption of Kevin Chiles*.

What was it like growing up in the Bronx?
The Bronx is the birthplace of hip-hop. But prior to every urban kid having dreams of escaping the 'hood using two turntables and a microphone, most aspired to leave through hoop dreams or selling drugs. It didn't feel like there were many other options available. In 1975, New York City was facing an economic crisis—it was nearly bankrupt. Basic city services like garbage pickup were suspended. You can only imagine how much less urgent it was for the city to address issues in predominantly black and Hispanic areas. Much of the Bronx was dilapidated, with burned-out, abandoned buildings. High crime rates made it feel like the concrete jungle was in irreversible decline. The hopelessness many New Yorkers felt was exponentially greater in forgotten areas like the Bronx, Harlem, and much of Brooklyn.

You were out there working, hustling, early on, right?
I started packing grocery bags around the age of ten in the local supermarket. I also offered to carry bags for women and older people up to the tenements. I may have only made $20 to $30 dollars on weekends, but that money I gave my mom really made a difference, particularly when it came to food. One of my next hustles was selling and delivering the Sunday newspaper. I would buy a stack, sell them, then run back and buy more as needed. Sometimes, I was lucky enough to occasionally swipe some if I caught the truck dropping them off early in the morning. My little contributions were helping, which meant my mother no longer had to ask for credit as often from the corner store. I also had a few bucks in my pocket for the first time, and I liked it.

You eventually started hustling drugs. What was it like at your peak?
For several years, I was netting around $300K weekly, with the bulk of the money coming from D.C., and the rest from New York. I was in my early twenties and you really couldn't tell me anything. Everyone down with me was getting real money, living in homes and condos, driving luxury cars, rocking the latest fashions and jewels, living the high life. They were all bosses in their own rights. The crack generation got rid of all drug protocol. Previously, you had the manufacturers of heroin in Asia essentially going through wholesale distributors, aka the Italian Mafia. The Mafia had established distribution centers and retailers—aka the urban blacks they worked with.

Cocaine distribution initially started out the same. However, as Colombian drug cartels started to see America's appetite for cocaine and expanded the market—initially through Dominicans—at some point they realized they didn't need the Mafia to distribute its products. They needed us, in our neighborhoods, as much as we needed them, and that protocol and pipeline that had dictated how drugs were essentially distributed in America was gone. If you lived on a block, you could open up shop. It was like a flea market.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF KEVIN CHILES

Who were your contemporaries back then?
When I first started there were a few crews in Harlem that held the top spot, including one led by Azie Faison. In 1987, Azie was shot and nearly killed, and effectively out of the game. Rich Porter and Alpo were also contemporaries. Crusader Rob and the Rutledge brothers were affiliated with me. Billy Guy was someone I knew growing up in the Bronx who attained kingpin status in Baltimore in the heroin trade.

I wasn't limited to Harlem. My time in Washington, D.C., paralleled and then exceeded Rayful Edmond's. I was in one part of town, the Southeast, while he was in the Northeast. Other New York City contemporaries included Supreme and Fat Cat in Queens, Domencio Benson in Brooklyn, and Fritz, who was known as the Consignment King.

What else can you say about the late-eighties drug game?
Initially, things were great in Harlem. It was young guys hustling, posturing for the top spot, motivated as much by taking care of our families as we were by getting girls and having fun. Unfortunately, a madness overtook the less than four square miles that make up Harlem. The limited territory eventually led to battles over real estate. Cats getting money were increasingly having to defend themselves against stickup crews and kidnappers. Groups like Preacher's Crew, Young Guns, and the Lynch Mob had a reputation for robbing, killing, and extorting, as well as drug dealing. Those crews sometimes became targets, too.

Selling drugs on a major level was essentially a full-time gig, and when you were committed to everything else that came with the fast pace of living the life, most of us did not see beyond the immediate. We lived our lives in dog years. To say it was fast-paced probably undersells the drama and events one day could hold. Add to that the fact that our lives, our freedom in the streets, had such a short-term expectancy and you could further understand why so many in my generation never planned for the future. This included not buying real estate and establishing legitimate businesses.

> “we took arming ourselves to excessive heights. our stash houses were stockpiled with so many weapons and body armor you might have thought we were a private militia training to overthrow a central american nation.”

All that money, competition, limited turf–what did it do to the scene?
It created anarchy, renegades, and increased drama. Violence, kidnapping, and murders always existed in the drug game, but back in the day, with Nicky Barnes, Guy Fisher, and even my uncle, people knew they were robbing an organization. Within those organizations, the Mafia was usually seen as a party determined to protect its distribution network. So guys had to pick and choose who to rob or they would face immediate consequences.

Once that order was gone, it was a lot easier to rob individuals. There were no rules, and the younger generation and up-and-coming hustlers didn't really fear the repercussions. It was like *Lord of the Flies* on steroids.

The increasingly violent environment effectively lead to a type of arms race, where having the most guns, and the biggest guns, along with a big crew, was deemed to serve as a form of deterrence. We took arming ourselves to excessive heights. Our stash houses were stockpiled with so many weapons and body armor you might have thought we were a private militia training to overthrow a Central American nation. Every day, we prepared to fight. The enemy may have even been unknown, but the playing field had become so deadly and unpredictable that you were forced to adapt or fall prey to it.

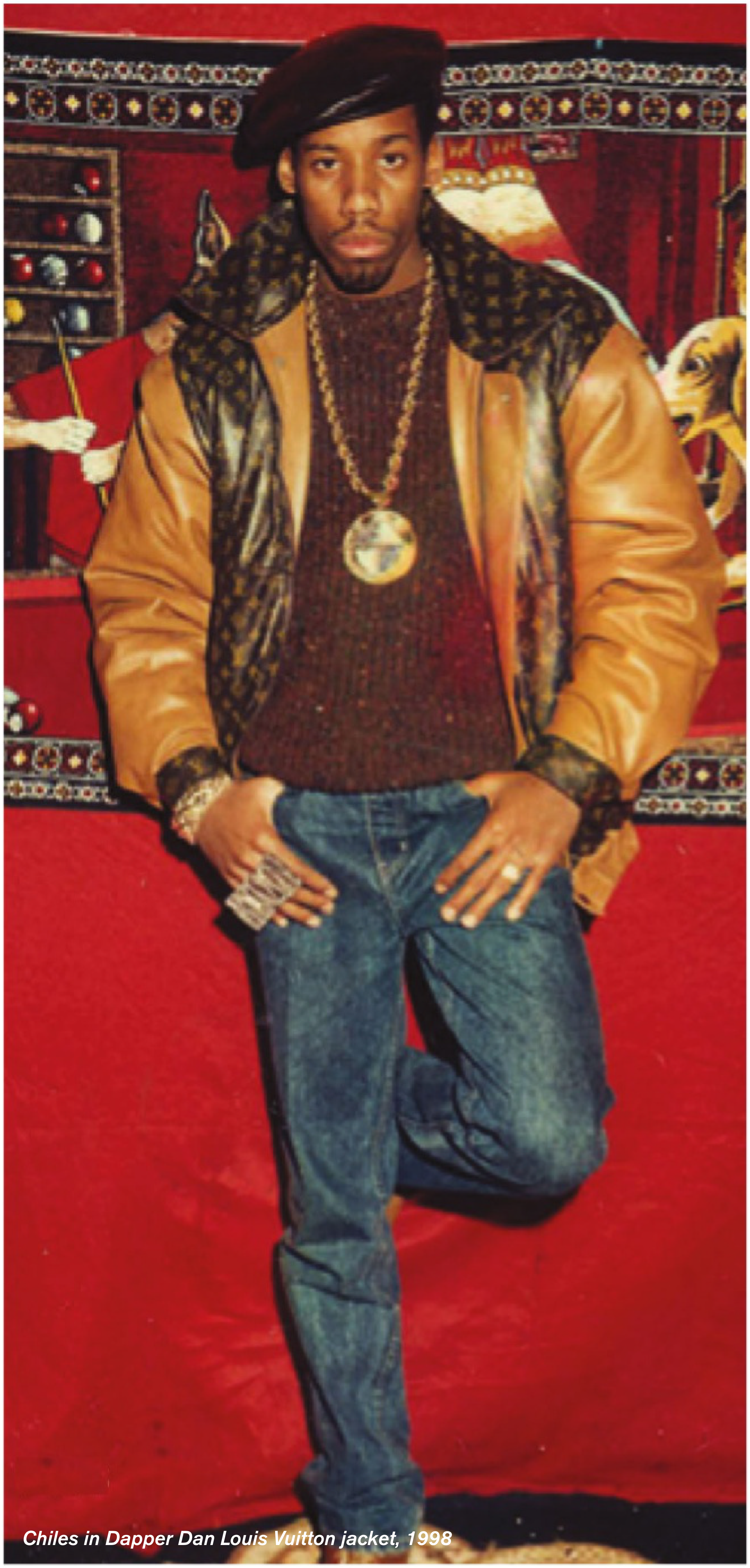
Can you talk about what happened with your mother?
My mother, Barbara Chiles, along with two other women, Rita Faulk and Sarray Watson, were all tied and bound, before being shot in the head. Sarray was the only survivor. Sarray was visiting Rita Faulk in the Fordham Road section of the Bronx. As she was coming out of a building, she and Rita were accosted by three guys with guns. They took them back into the building and up to the roof and robbed them of all their jewelry and money. But the robbers weren't done. They piled into Sarray's car and another car followed them. She directed them to my mother's place. They waited for my mother to arrive home from work, and once she did, they used Sarray to access my mother's apartment.

My mother was killed by cowards. If they wanted me, I wasn't hard to find. I was usually at my store, BOSS Sneakers, on 125th Street in Harlem. There was neither money nor drugs in my mom's house. These cowards shot three women, murdering two in cold blood. Two beautiful souls died, literally for nothing. My mother's murder was another loud declaration that we were dealing with a different kind of savage in the crack era, who followed no rules or code of ethics. Maybe I'd watched too many Mafia movies in my life, but civilians–women, children, and families–were supposed to be left out of our affairs. As for my emotions, they were overwhelming and contradictory.

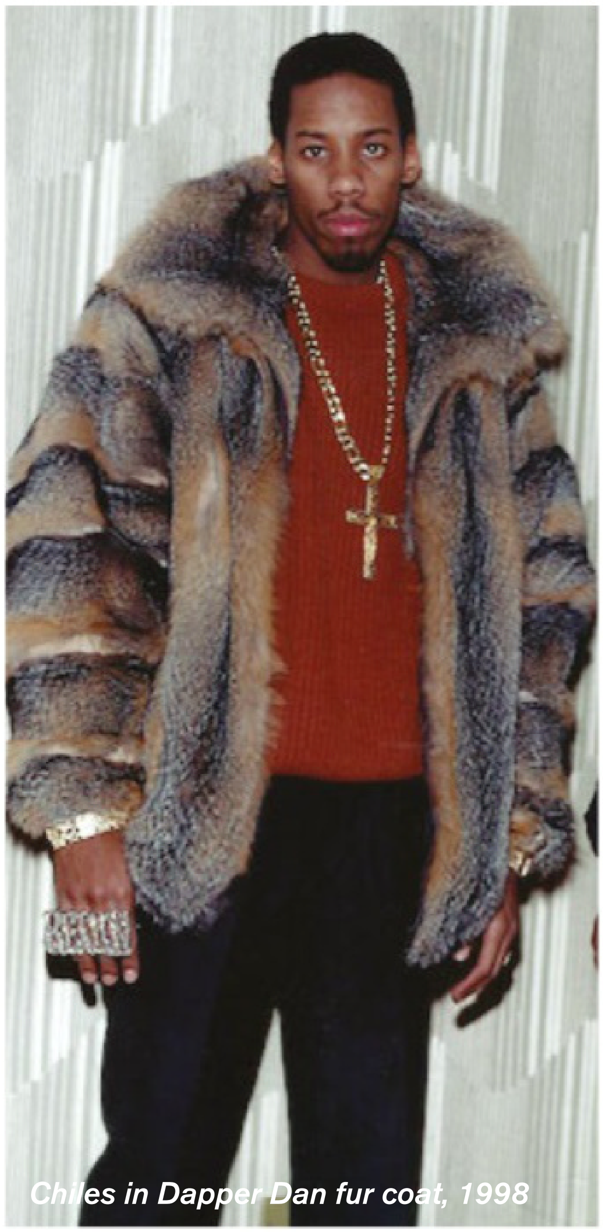
Sadness and despair were being drowned out by rage, mixed in with guilt and remorse. I felt responsible for what happened. I wanted blood on my hands and needed vengeance. I wasn't thinking rationally. I know I attended her wake, but I don't have any distinct memories of being there, talking to anyone, or taking part in any of its planning. Revenge was the only planning I can even recall because I was in a daze, mixed with denial. Having someone you love taken from you violently is even harder than other forms of death, like disease, accident, etc. None of it is easy, but people taken from you prematurely and violently carries a different kind of burden and pain.

What happened to the killers?
I had the word out and endless resources in place to locate these individuals. Shortly after the murders, I received news that they fled the city. My searching for them never ceased, even as the incident and the offenders were featured on *America's Most Wanted*.

Two of them were apprehended by law enforcement. At some point, I got word the third coward was deceased,



Chiles in Dapper Dan Louis Vuitton jacket, 1998



Chiles in Dapper Dan fur coat, 1998

Chiles and his wife Tiffany, 1999

PHOTOS COURTESY OF KEVIN CHILES

but I have no idea of the circumstances behind his death. I didn't attend or participate in the trials, but I knew they were convicted and sentenced to 60-plus years for each murder, to run consecutively. Many may have taken solace in some form of justice taking place. That wasn't the case for me. Nothing would have denoted justice for the loss, and the only thing that would have taken even a distant second was me as judge, jury, and executioner.

How did the flow of drug profits into Harlem's economy change life for residents?

The positive economic effects of the era extended well beyond people being able to buy boosted goods at a discount, or purchase TVs and VCRs on the cheap from a crackhead. There were families being fed and clothed. There were people that never had cars or taken a trip finally having the means and opportunity. Much of the money was contained and spent in the 'hood. Grocery stores, cleaners, restaurants, car washes, clothing stores, barber shops, and beauty shops flourished. None of us ever benefited from any trickle-down effects of Reaganomics, but the community definitely benefited from the money being made and spent from the crack trade.

The money was intoxicating. And while it came with a price, none of us were going to turn it down. Once the violence started becoming a regular thing, me and my crew began not only carrying weapons at all times, but wearing bulletproof vests and sometimes even bulletproof hats as well. Instead of changing our mind-set and environment, we just adapted to the madness. We would rather have been caught with our weapons than without. With my crew, there was a true structure with order and a hierarchy. We moved in precision and with a purpose. One for all, all for one.

We were a tight, insulated group, and this is what increased our chances of staying safe from foes, as well as from law enforcement. There was a true bond, a real brotherhood. We were willing to give and risk our lives for one another—we were each our brother's keeper.

There were a bunch of warring factions during this time as well. Many of those at war had at one time been really close friends and down with each other before beefing. The fallout and deaths from the various wars within our world helped define the landscape of that era.

How'd you get busted, and what happened after that?

It was November 1994. When I was arrested, I was on the cusp of signing a major distribution deal for my music company, BOSS Records. I had quit hustling two years prior, and though I knew I was being followed, I did not overly worry about any investigation since all my energies were directed toward my numerous legitimate businesses. Nonetheless, the government wasn't going to let me go in peace. I was arrested under the federal kingpin statutes, which held mandatory life sentences. But I was more surprised that the vast majority of my 21 codefendants were family members who had no drug ties, and not the numerous others who I had done actual business with over the years.

Over the course of a two-year investigation and more than 8,500 taped conversations, my arrest did not include one piece of evidence that suggested I was selling drugs. However, the charges against so many of my family members and acquaintances showed me the government's strategy. They were trying to force a plea or cooperation from me with the threat of incarcerating my loved ones, despite the fact that they never had any role in the drug game other than benefiting from my generosity. Despite these threats, I took two cases to trial, where

Chiles and Tiffany, 2009

DONDIVA
MEDIA
HOT 97 FM

Chiles in Hot 97's NYC studio, 2017

PHOTOS COURTESY OF KEVIN CHILES

Chiles and his mother Barbara at his high school graduation, 1984

both resulted in mistrials: eight-four and ten-two in my favor. When it was all said and done, I was sentenced to 120 months. As much as I was reluctant to take the plea for ten years, I have to admit that once it was done, I actually felt relieved.

Can you elaborate on this reaction?

Fighting for my liberty every day for nearly three years, while also trying to keep my immediate family out of jail and continue to financially support my women and kids, was exhausting. I was on a roller coaster of emotions with every small victory countered by a devastating setback. The plea wasn't the resolution I had hoped for, but at least it meant the uncertainty was over. I'd grown wiser during the process. I could never be the old me. I'd gotten a front-row seat to racism and classism, and how power affects policy and all of our lives. Systemic injustices aren't just catchphrases used by civil rights leaders and militants, they're part of the everyday fabric for people of color.

It was clear to me the government didn't play fair. Since I took a plea, it allowed the government to seize the money, stocks, insurance policies, jewelry, cars, and my house, which they wouldn't have otherwise been able to. It was clear all the government wanted were convictions. I was initially labeled a "kingpin," but I ended up pleading out to possession and the sale of seven kilos of coke with no codefendants. I treated jail like it was my last two years of high school. I was simply doing what I had to do. The wants were the same, which was ultimately getting the fuck out and getting back to the streets.

Clearly, I was no longer a teenager doing teenage things, but this was probably the first time since high school I was forced to do things I did not want to. I really looked at jail as something I needed to just get through until I could resume life again. A year after my plea, I went from a low-security facility to a federal camp. My time in the low-security facility was mostly uneventful. However, when they sent me to the camp, it was like putting a fox in the chicken coop. Camp had so many less restrictions that it actually opened up a whole new set of issues for me, because it was clearly in my nature to fully exploit these circumstances. My instincts and nature led to a commissary hustle that netted anywhere from $1,000 to $2,500 a week. Additionally, while conjugal visits were not permitted, my youngest was conceived while I was at the camp. I have always found a way to match my will.

What are you doing now, and what are your future plans?

Nearly two years ago, I did an interview with Funkmaster Flex on one of the biggest radio shows in the country, Hot 97 in New York. A friend and attorney subsequently reached out. I'd previously discussed doing a book project on my life, but I never felt comfortable with the timing. With some initial reluctance, I began writing *The Crack Era: The Rise, Fall & Redemption of Kevin Chiles*. The book became a labor of love and therapy, one I'm proud to have the chance to share with the public. Its completion coincides with the *Don Diva* twentieth anniversary. The book's release, potential TV deals, and other opportunities are the culmination of many years and hard work, and I'm excited about this next chapter in my journey.

Seth Ferranti is a former federal prisoner whose writings have been featured on VICE, Don Diva, and Gorilla Convict. He's also the author of the crime series Street Legends, and the comic series Crime Comix.

PHOTO: MONSTAR STUDIO / SHUTTERSTOCK

An Erotic Education

LIVING two lives comes naturally to me. For my daytime job, I've long worked in higher education, but in my off-hours I publish racy fiction under a pseudonym. It's not the kind of writing I could talk about in my usual literary circles. But I love describing how my prim and proper Victorian characters get unabashedly down and dirty—and I love that my words are likely helping others get off as well. But I didn't always express such wickedness in my work. In fact, once upon a time, I was as vanilla as an Edwardian.

Back when I was 25, I had my eyes opened to a whole world of literary and sexual possibilities. It all started with a certain learned man who taught a senior seminar and mentored grad students. I'll spare you the specifics, but this guy was kind of a big deal in academia. I'll call him Prof. Jensen.

At the time, Prof. Jensen was somewhere in his late fifties with salt-and-pepper hair, and he often sported some rakishly attractive stubble. He wore thick-rimmed glasses, which framed his swoon-worthy blue eyes. He always seemed to be scrutinizing something–whether it was you personally or something you wrote. He wasn't portly like many other faculty members his age. He had a slender frame and always dressed smartly.

I had turned in a research proposal in hopes of writing an article over the summer if I scored some grant money. I'd poured myself into the project, so when I got an email from Prof. Jensen urging me to discuss it with him further, I kind of freaked out.

For academics, it's one thing to say, "I have some feedback for you." It's another thing entirely to say, "Let's talk about this as soon as possible before you proceed further." It sounded ominous.

After a brief meltdown, I showered and headed to campus. I had no sooner mustered a deep breath and raised my hand to knock when the office door swung open.

"Kimberly?" Prof. Jensen loomed over me. He was at least six-two to my barely five-foot frame.

I jumped back, startled, and said, "Oh, yes, I got your email."

At first his face was utterly inscrutable, but then a rare smile formed.

"You don't have to look so frightened. I'm not going to eat you for lunch." He motioned me inside his office and then stopped short to say, "Well, not today, anyway."

I chuckled a bit, but my nerves must've been palpable.

"Take a seat. Do you need a drink or something?"

I shook my head.

"Suit yourself." He opened his lower desk drawer and pulled out a bottle of bourbon. I watched in silence as he poured some liquor into a cut crystal glass. He took a sip and set the tumbler down.

"The way I see it, Kimberly, your work as a whole shows more promise than that of most of the morons they've admitted into this program."

My stomach fluttered.

"But you're missing some vital knowledge." He slugged back the rest of the bourbon and continued: "I believe these pieces to be experiential in nature."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, you write about the Victorian housewife as though you've obviously never been married or don't want to be. There's thinly veiled contempt here for the institution."

"Oh, I didn't mean–"

He held up his hand and stopped me short.

"You have the right to your point of view. But you're very much mistaken in broad-brushing Victorian sensibilities on conjugal matters."

"But I don't understand. Women were desired for their submissiveness."

"Perhaps in the formal sense as wives, but dominant women existed. I have some other sources you should look at, especially if you plan to discuss brothels and London nightlife." He poured himself another drink and looked back at me. "Ever read about Theresa Berkley?"

"Who's that?"

Prof. Jensen laughed a bit. "Ever hear of a Berkley Horse?"

I shook my head.

"Theresa Berkley was a Victorian dominatrix who invented the Berkley Horse, also known as the chevalet." Prof. Jensen took a sip of his bourbon. "A piece of furniture to which naughty ladies and gentlemen would be strapped before being given a good flogging or birching." He paused. "I don't have to explain birching, do I?"

I blushed a little and shook my head. I looked down at my feet, but the minute I looked up again, I found his eyes already fixed on me.

"Anyone ever spank you?"

"Oh–uh," I sputtered, feeling myself get even more red in the face, which only seemed to amuse him further.

"Tell you what, I'm going to let you borrow this." He reached for a small bound volume on his desk and handed it to me.

His first blow struck me right at that fleshy crease between my ass and thigh.

"*Mysteries of the Verbena House*?" I examined the book.

"Yes, it's a fast read. Look it over tonight, and be sure to note any reactions."

"Reactions?"

"Yes. I want to know how this book makes you feel. But I also think it'll give you some perspective."

"Of course, thank you."

Then, he waved me off as dismissively as a stern Victorian lord.

Little did I know the delights that awaited me. I was familiar with figures such as Henry Spencer Ashbee, who is suspected to be the author of *My Secret Life,* a diary all about one anonymous rich man's erotic exploits. Much of it I actually found distasteful, and I couldn't relate to the male narrator's sexuality. However, *Mysteries of the Verbena House* describes how an English schoolmistress comes to embrace and be aroused by various forms of discipline.

Before I realized it, *Mysteries of the Verbena House* had made my pussy so wet that I stopped reading in my haste to get off. I stripped nude, masturbated in my bed for a bit, and spanked myself with a hairbrush, just to see if I could leave a mark. Eventually, I moved on to a wooden back-scratcher and attempted some simulated birching while fingering my clit. When I finally came, I knew I wanted to experience the real deal one day and have someone actually spank me.

The next day, I returned to Prof. Jensen's office and said in my best scholarly voice, "I found this read very illuminating."

But Prof. Jensen interrupted me. "Yes, but how did it make you feel?"

I blushed and looked down at my notebook. And that's when I felt him touch my arm.

"Kimberly, we're both adults. There's nothing shameful. Just tell me how the book made you feel."

"Changed." I paused. "I didn't think I'd like it, but I did."

"Who did you identify with more?" Prof. Jensen asked. "The stern headmistress or the submissive little minx?"

I blushed a thousand shades of red and avoided making eye contact.

"The submissive."

He smiled and said, "I thought as much. But I also think you're a little domme just waiting to blossom."

Despite my nervousness, I laughed. But I also felt a wave of arousal as I remembered a birching scene in the book.

Prof. Jensen stood up. He moved aside a large poster about some literary festival. What had originally appeared to be just another odd display board was actually a padded leather Berkley Horse! There was an oval cutout for the submissive's face, and then smaller rectangular cutouts to expose the breasts and genitals.

My mouth hung wide-open as I looked over this antiquated piece of BDSM furniture.

"Well, Kimberly?" Prof. Jensen smiled. "What do you think?"

"I'm curious," I replied with a little nervous laugh. I reached out and touched the soft leather.

"Want to take it for a ride?"

I inhaled sharply and looked from the contraption to the professor. I barely heard my own voice, but I know I said yes.

We both stared at one another for a moment.

"Very well." Prof. Jensen stepped behind me, then whispered in my ear, "And do you want to experience it fully?"

I nodded, feeling goose bumps spread down the back of my neck.

"I can't hear you, little mouse. Speak up. Do you want to be bound and spanked?"

"Yes."

"Do you want to feel the spanking on your bare bottom?" he whispered again.

I felt my pussy start to moisten at the thought, and in an even softer voice replied, "Yes, Sir."

Prof. Jensen shut the door to his office and locked it.

"Take off your clothes."

I removed my sweater, then came the crisp white blouse beneath it, along with my skirt. I wasn't wearing sexy lingerie that day, just a basic bra, panties, and plain knee-high stockings. As I got down to my undergarments, I glanced at the professor.

"Everything off," he insisted. "Except

PHOTOS: CRM / SHUTTERSTOCK

the stockings. They can stay. Wouldn't want you getting cold feet." He smirked.

I discarded my bra, and my nipples instantly stood at attention in the drafty office. I didn't really shave my pussy back then, so I had a full bush. I'm sure I was a sight, but he didn't ogle me. Prof. Jensen gestured to the Berkley Horse.

"Step up and lean against it. I can adjust the height to your body."

With a few maneuvers, I was "in"—with my face, breasts, and pussy exposed on the far side and my bare bottom utterly vulnerable to his whims.

Prof. Jensen showed me a length of purple rope and said, "This is Japanese silk. We won't do anything complicated right now—there's no need—but I'm going to bind your arms."

Prof. Jensen looped the rope around the horse's bottom segments and then my wrists, so each was bound securely.

"Good?" he asked.

I nodded.

"Very well. Just use this word if it's too much," he said, leaning in and whispering a safe word. Then in a normal voice he announced, "Now let's explore your submissive side."

Prof. Jensen opened a locked file cabinet and removed what I later learned was a simple wooden paddle.

His first blow struck me right at that fleshy crease between my ass and thigh. I gasped, but before I could even cry out, there was another strike. And another.

The intensity of the spanking session overtook me quickly. I felt myself swaying with each blow, but the ropes kept me in my place. A burning sensation spread across my ass, and I felt my face blushing with embarrassment. But I didn't tell him to stop.

However, he did pause in his paddling to look me in the eye and utter, "No begging for mercy?"

I shook my head.

"Impressive. By the way, you're soaking wet, you cheeky thing."

I'd been concentrating so hard on the spanking that I hadn't even noticed the pussy juice streaking my thighs.

But my mind was snapped away from that sensation when the professor's hands caressed and squeezed my sore bottom.

"Ready for more?"

"Yes," I responded breathlessly.

"I'm going to untie you, and we'll try something else."

Without coming on to me or doing anything else overtly sexual, Prof. Jensen released my bonds and helped me down

from the horse. Standing nearly nude in front of him, I reverted to my demure self and tried to cover up, but he quickly nipped that in the bud.

He produced more silk rope, which was thinner and longer than the purple cord.

"This is going to be a little more elaborate, but you'll look exquisite."

This time, the professor set about binding my body—wrapping rope around my breasts and arms. He even strung it between my thighs so the cord pressed hard against my clit. If I attempted to wiggle my hands free or bring them to the front, the rope constricted my breasts and tortured my clit.

With my body bound, he then took the purple cord and looped it through the back of his handiwork, so I was forced to stand by his desk. I could lean forward and rest on the furniture, but I couldn't walk away.

Satisfied, he pinched one of my nipples.

"I need to step out for few minutes. You can reach the phone in case of emergency," Prof. Jensen said teasingly. "We'll see if you earn a reward."

Once his office door shut, my real torture began. I wiggled, desperate for the rope to release the tension building in my clit, but had no such luck. But then I heard footsteps and a moving cart outside.

Oh shit.

It was the night janitor. I felt him try the doorknob, and I panicked, thinking I might be discovered.

"You don't need to come in here. I'm working," I called out.

"Professor?"

"I'm his grad student. We're on deadline. You can come back tomorrow."

A mere second passed, but it felt like hours.

"Okay," the janitor responded.

I held my breath until I heard the cart and the footsteps recede.

The anxiety of being discovered mingled with my arousal, making the binding even more frustrating. I almost thought about opening the desk drawer and using his scissors to free myself. But I refrained.

I'm glad I did because he didn't leave me alone for very long at all. It couldn't have been more than ten minutes.

But by that point, we had the entire floor to ourselves. No one in that

PHOTO: PHOTOAGENT / SHUTTERSTOCK

department ever worked late. When Prof. Jensen opened his office door, I stood up straight, looking as cool and defiant as I could muster.

I was rewarded with another of his charming smiles.

“Very nice, Kimberly.” He shut the door and locked it. “I brought you a treat.” He held up a Styrofoam box. “How about a cupcake for dessert?”

He held the morsel up to my mouth and ordered, “Lick it.”

I wet my lower lip first and then made a show of scooping up and savoring the buttercream frosting. He stroked my hair and encouraged me.

“Good, now take a bite.”

I obeyed and gave him a grateful smile.

“Would you like to taste something else?”

“Yes, Professor,” I replied, feeling hopeful that my arousal would finally be sated.

Prof. Jensen untied the bonds tethering me to the desk but held onto the rope so he could control my movements. He unzipped his pants, pulled out his erection, and said, “It’s up to you what happens now.”

The professor bent me over his desk. He entered my soaking pussy from behind, and I cried out as his thick cock plunged inside me.

He steadied me as I willingly sank to my knees. I immediately dove for his hard cock and began savoring it. He was careful to not make me gag, but he definitely tested my limits, guiding me to swallow him deeper and deeper. I’d always considered myself decent at giving head, but this was definitely a master class!

After taking him to almost the brink, Prof. Jensen tugged my ropes back to force me to look up at him.

“Ready for some release?” he asked, loosening the ropes just enough to move aside the crotch rope.

“Please,” I begged, hearing the sound of real desire in my own voice.

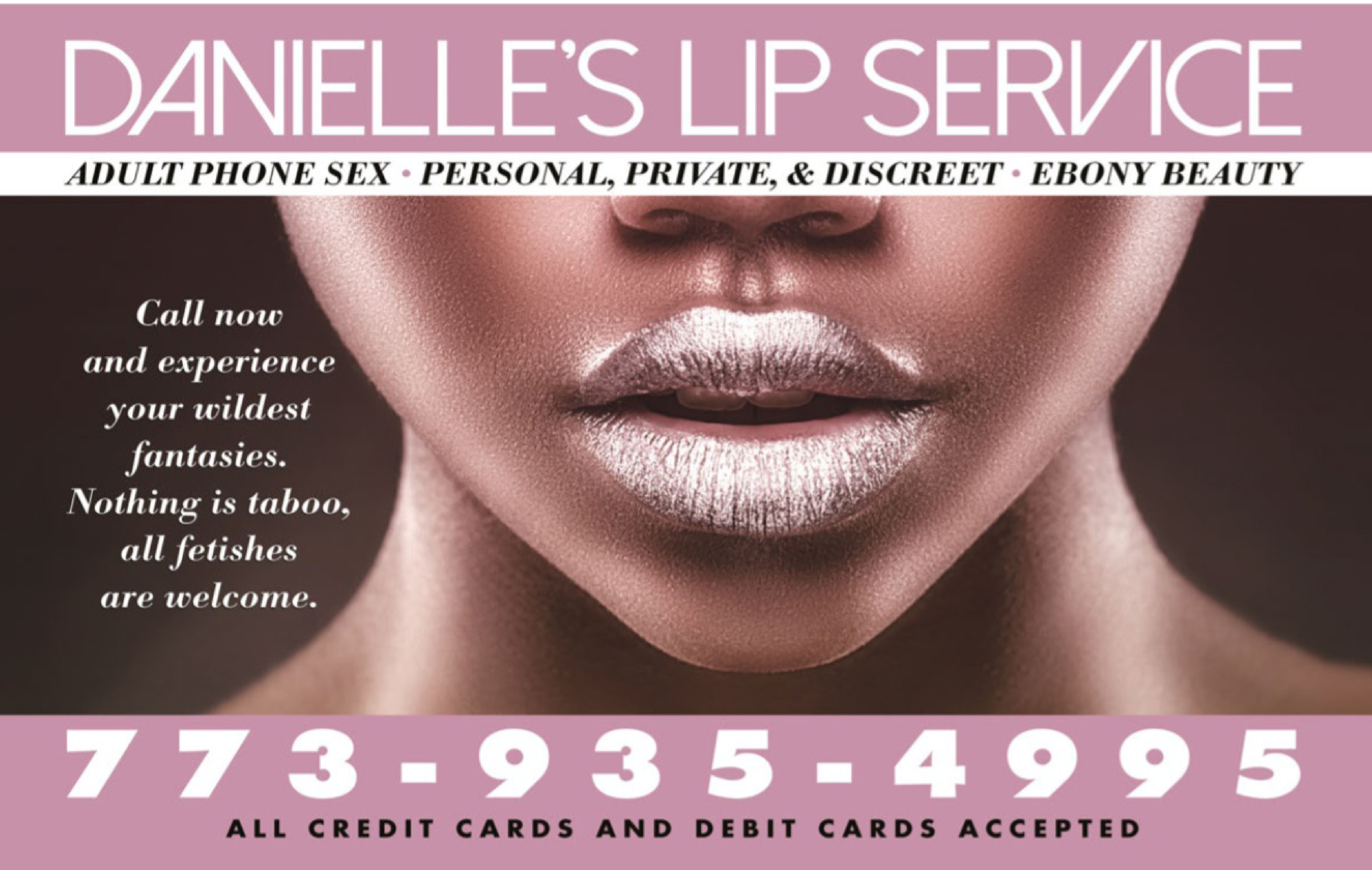
The professor helped me up and bent me over his desk. He entered my soaking pussy from behind, and I cried out as his thick cock plunged inside me.

He tugged my hair and gave me a barehanded swat on the bottom.

“Ssssh. If you get too loud, I’ll have to gag you.”

I nodded and tried to muffle my moans against the desktop.

We progressed into a rhythm of



DANIELLE’S LIP SERVICE

ADULT PHONE SEX • PERSONAL, PRIVATE, & DISCREET • EBONY BEAUTY

Call now
and experience
your wildest
fantasies.
Nothing is taboo,
all fetishes
are welcome.

773-935-4995

ALL CREDIT CARDS AND DEBIT CARDS ACCEPTED

With my throbbing clit grinding against the rope, it wasn't long before I came.

hard fucking. Prof. Jensen spanked me intermittently, too. At one point, his thumb pressed against my asshole, teasing my sensitive pucker. With my throbbing clit also grinding against the side of the rope, it was not long before I came—loudly.

My professor gave me a sharp swat on the ass.

"You're supposed to ask permission before you climax. But we'll address that next time."

I glanced back and smiled at him as I said, "Thank you for the feedback."

He spanked me again and pulled out of my used pussy. He turned me around and guided his dick back to my mouth, where I sucked him silly. As his orgasm hit, he pulled back and shot white ropes of come all over my face and tits.

That night, I knew I'd discovered something more than great literary analysis. I'd finally started to figure out myself, and it was the first of many kinky encounters I'd have at the hands of Prof. Jensen.

He and I even worked our way up to suspension bondage. He had me hanging nude over his bed so he could admire me for an hour. Then he ate my pussy for nearly as long.

Hard playtime was always rewarded with even more intense sex. Even though he pushed my limits, he actually taught me how to set them in the first place. I was no longer a mousy doormat who was afraid to speak up. As Prof. Jensen's sub, my self-confidence and respect soared.

Alas, after that school year, my mentor moved to Florida, but fortunately not before introducing me to some of his kinky friends.

These days I'm mostly on the domme side of things. But ever the teacher, I'm keenly interested in training future tops. There's always room for more teacher's pets, too, especially those cute coeds who remind me of my younger self when I was learning the ropes.

—Kimberly M., Seattle, Washington

PENTHOUSE®
Call for Models!
models@penthouse.com

To be considered you must be at least 18 years of age or the age of majority where you live, that you are submitting my information to Penthouse to use for casting throughout its organization and their affiliated network of licensees/partners. Your participation remains subject to Penthouse Terms of Use and Privacy Policy. ALL personal information received by Penthouse Magazine shall remain confidential.

PHOTO: ONE INCHPUNCH / SHUTTERSTOCK

Lust in Space

MY wife and I are both proud geeks. You name the convention, and we've probably gone at least once. Besides gaming—tabletop and digital—we also love to channel our creativity into some wild cosplay sex sessions with each other. Some guys have to beg their ladies to wear a space princess slave bikini, or maybe even dress up in a sweet sailor outfit. But my wife rocks such attire on a regular basis! →

Avery is talented, both as a seamstress and an actress, so she can pull off almost any wild role I dream up. She also loves surprising me on random nights with a new character or an outfit she came up with herself. Naturally, when it came time to celebrate our recent anniversary, we both wanted something big and memorable.

We enjoy an open marriage, so sometimes we'll hook up with different people, but our cosplay-themed sex had always been just us.

"Babe," Avery called out to me from her office. "Come in here."

She motioned me over to the couch, where her laptop was open to an adult networking site.

"This is Kendra," she said gleefully, showing me a photo of a gorgeous gal. "I know you like redheads as much as I do. She and I have been chatting."

"Oh?" I felt excitement stirring within me already. "What are you cooking up?"

Avery giggled and said, "A very special anniversary surprise—and a unique one, too."

"What do you mean?"

"You know that alien abduction fantasy we've been talking about?"

I nodded eagerly.

"Kendra is interested in being our federal agent. She'll require lots and lots of probing."

And just like that, my dick was rock-hard.

"Damn, baby! When?"

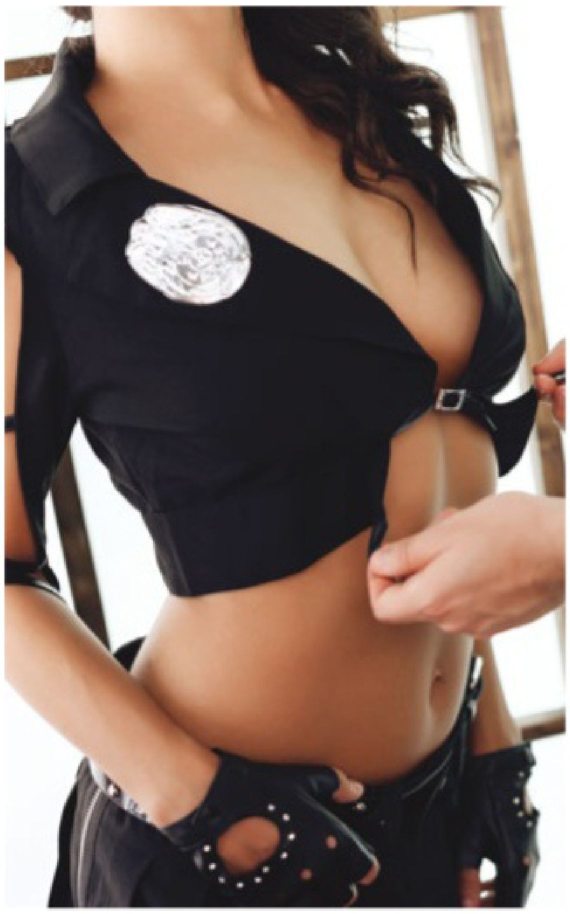
Avery giggled and unzipped my pants as she said, "This weekend, but right now, I have other plans."

After a much-needed quickie on the carpet, Avery and I got to dreaming about and planning for our big sci-fi-themed anniversary fuckfest. We texted back and forth with Kendra, going over every detail to make sure we were all on the same page, and we were.

Avery is five-foot-four with natural C-cups and gorgeous hazel eyes. For our big night, she procured a metallic silver, harness-style crotchless teddy with removable breast cups. She paired this with clear go-go boots. And for me, she made a matching pair of shorts with a cool space visor to go with it. I was the captain of our ship, but she was the commanding sex—er, science—officer and first mate. (Yeah, I'm sure some of you are laughing at us—but don't knock it until you try it!)

Once Saturday night rolled around, we got a text from Kendra that she was ready. She was dressed up in a black pantsuit and sunglasses, and had a fake federal agent ID badge. The way we decided to play it, Kendra was to enter our dark house to check on the residents who had reported seeing strange lights in the sky. Once she reached the hall, I would "blind" her with different colored flashlights to simulate the alien activity.

Our bedroom is a geek-friendly love nest. We have black lights in the closet and glow-in-the-dark stars on the ceiling, and Avery made a silver cover to go on top of the duvet. We would have gone old-school with a metal exam table, but let's be honest, they're uncomfortable for fucking.



Anyway, once the flashing lights had overwhelmed her, Agent Kendra found herself on our tricked-out king-size bed. I aimed a fake stun gun at her, and without any fancy ropes or cuffs, Kendra pretended she was unable to move.

"You won't get away with this," she pouted.

"You don't have jurisdiction on this ship, Agent," Avery sneered, stroking Kendra's pretty red hair. "Let's see what this gorgeous earthling body can do." Fully in character, Avery nodded at me. "Take off the specimen's clothes."

Having agreed on our scenario earlier, I eagerly ripped open Kendra's blouse, letting the buttons scatter. Avery helped me get her pants off, while Kendra did a great job of writhing and moaning in protest.

"Let me go—I promise, I won't tell anyone in Washington!"

Beneath her pantsuit, Kendra had chosen a plain white bra-and-panty set—a no-nonsense contrast to Avery's kinky alien getup.

My wife caressed Kendra's face, pulled her in for a little kiss, and said, "I think you'll find the hospitality up here is much better than back on Earth."

Both girls glanced over at me and smiled, and I knew that was my cue.

"Ship controls switch to autopilot."

I hit a button on my phone that simulated computerized noises.

"That's right," Avery said. "We don't want to be disturbed when there's a specimen this pretty." Her long, glittery fingernails peeled down Kendra's bra straps while they kissed again. "Stand at attention and observe," she said to me.

"Copy that."

My cock was already pitching a huge tent in my silver shorts. But seeing my sexy wife working her wiles on another hot babe made me want to blast off.

Avery took off Kendra's bra and made a show of pulling and pinching her nipples.

Kendra moaned and bit her lip.

Avery glanced over her shoulder at me and noted, "Hmm, these seem very responsive." She then took one of Kendra's nipples between her lips and tugged at the other with her fingers. She alternated the actions between the two until Kendra was flushed and desperate.

"Captain, bring me the wand probe," commanded Avery. "It's time to test her arousal."

That was my cue to hand over Avery's cordless vibrator. At first, my wife teased Kendra with the toy on low while her panties were still on.

"Oh, my God!" Kendra whimpered and squirmed.

Soon enough, a conspicuous moist spot began to appear on the white cotton.

"Hmm, I see some satisfactory progress here." Avery paused and teased Kendra's nipples again. Then she told me: "Remove her panties now."

I peeled away the cotton to reveal Kendra's flaming bush—complete with puffy pink lips that were swollen and glistening with arousal.

I watched again as my wife probed her lover's folds with the vibrator, almost empathizing with Kendra as I reached down to touch my growing bulge.

"Commander," I said to Avery, "why

PHOTO: VGSTOCKSTUDIO / SHUTTERSTOCK

don't you proceed with sampling her?"

Avery grinned at me, and even Kendra couldn't help but look pretty damn excited by the idea. "I think that's the next logical step, Captain."

Kendra spread her legs and gave up all pretense of fake resistance as Avery dove right in. She teased Kendra's outer lips with her tongue while trapping her clit between two fingers.

I love watching my wife eat pussy. The sight of her tongue dipping in and out of Kendra's wet hole as her thumb prodded the girl's clit was intoxicating.

"Oh, fuck! Don't stop!" Kendra cried out, squeezing her sensitive nipples.

"Time to quiet her down." Avery looked up and gave me a devilish smile. "Have her suck your dick while I work on plugging these holes down here."

Kendra licked her lips and opened wide for my cock, and with expert gag-reflex control, she swallowed my entire shaft. Careful to read her expression, we got into a little face-fucking rhythm. And while Avery looked on and enjoyed this, she lubed up a metal butt plug.

Kendra's eyes widened as Avery slid the plug inside her ass. But before I could even blink, my wife had donned her purple strap-on, too.

"I'm ready to sample this earthling's pussy, Captain." She wiggled the shaft at me.

I groaned as Kendra reached up to cup my balls while she kept sucking me.

"Proceed, baby."

Avery winked at me. It was okay to break character at that point. Nothing could kill our incredible buzz.

While Kendra continued to service my cock, I watched my wild wife remove the cups of her teddy and plunge the strap-on into Kendra's pussy.

I pulled away so Kendra could moan freely and enjoy the dual sensations Avery was providing. But our crafty agent grabbed my dick and kept sucking, teasing the head and jerking me off in time to Avery's thrusts.

That lasted until I was about to burst. But the girls had other plans, so I pulled back and regrouped while they changed positions. Kendra and Avery made out freely and touched each other before both paused and looked at me.

"I think I'm ready for more," Kendra said with a grin.

"She's the most eager earthling ever," Avery uttered, "and I've decided I want her ass."

"Mmm, it needs a good probing," Kendra said with another kiss to my wife.

"But I think you should get in here, too, honey. Let's share."

With Kendra in the middle, my wife and I sandwiched and double-penetrated our guest. Avery, who'd pulled out Kendra's butt plug, drilled her ass with the strap-on, while my straining erection finally got stuffed inside our playmate's slippery snatch.

When Kendra came, her whole body shook. While she recovered, it was my turn to tend to Avery, so I slid inside my wife's pussy. Eventually, Kendra joined us again by sitting on Avery's face.

However, after seeing how hard Kendra came, Avery decided she needed to try some double penetration for herself. She cleaned up the strap-on and had Kendra take her pussy—and finally gave me her ass!

"Lube up, baby," she told me.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

Avery nodded and winked at Kendra in a conspiratorial way.

"Yeah—you're both going to make me squirt tonight."

She rode Kendra cowgirl-style and leaned forward so I could pound her ass.

It didn't take long for Avery to soak the sheets, but once she caught her breath, I had two insatiable babes milking me dry. Mission complete!

The traditional present for a fifth wedding anniversary is wood, and that is precisely what my wife gave me.

The night was such a success that we are already planning more erotic interstellar travels in the future.

—Timothy Y., via email

FORUM letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*.

Send letters to letters@penthouse.com or mail to *Penthouse* magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311.

Cialis
(tadalafil) tablets
30 Tablets
Viagra™
(sildenafil citrate) tablets
100 mg*
Produced by
Pfizer
Pfizer Labs
LEVITRA
Over 600,000 Customers Served Since 1998

★ FDA-approved medications from USA Pharmacies
★ Licensed USA Telemedicine Physician Network
★ Call 7 days per week

HABLAMOS ESPAÑOL
VIAMEDIC®
CALL TOLL FREE
800-547-9737
Visit Viamedic.com/PH for special offers

Trademarks are the properties of their respective companies. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.

FROM DANIEL PEARL TO DONALD TRUMP

Twenty Years of Forever Warring on the Internet

BY MATT GALLAGHER

AT age 36, I'm part of the last American generation that remembers life before the internet, before social media. Try explaining to the youngsters what dial-up was, the importance of a good (and cryptic) AOL away message, or how it took two hours to download one naked photo of Jenny McCarthy. Times were tough.

Over the last two decades, the internet's changed substantially, and so has the way we use it. Social media's been at the vanguard of this evolution. From Friendster to Blogger to Snapchat to whatever newfangled site teenagers adopt tomorrow, the platforms we use to communicate and present ourselves on say a lot about us as a society, and as people. Through it all, the American military's been at war on the far edges of the world, fighting and killing and trying, as best they can, to stay connected with the homeland and their loved ones.

The trajectory of social media is also a trajectory of the forever war. To see the connection between the two, look no further than how the conceptual projects conjured up in Silicon Valley garages get utilized in dire, spartan conditions by soldiers and Marines. The military brass didn't always like social media, sometimes they even tried to ban it, but (cue Jeff Goldblum-from-*Jurassic Park*-voice), technology finds a way.

American war and social media, strange bedfellows for sure, yet they have been intertwined for 20 years now. Here's a tracing of that history.

Fall 2001-Winter 2002: 9/11 happens. Early conspiracy theories fester on chat boards. America invades Afghanistan. *Wall Street Journal* reporter Daniel Pearl is kidnapped in Pakistan, and beheaded nine days later. Video of his execution spreads across social media like wildfire. A new age of psychological warfare is upon us.

2002: The Afghan Wireless Communications Company is awarded the first Global System for Mobile license and contract in Afghanistan. The fall of the Taliban government means many things, including real internet access. This does not come close to ending the war, but one can presume it does bring the dick pic to Afghanistan, which is not nothing.

2004: Military blogs, aka "milblogs," begin to emerge from bases across Afghanistan and Iraq, bringing to readers raw, unvarnished combat stories. One of the most popular, "My War: Killing Time in Iraq" by infantryman Colby Buzzell, details the author's experiences during the Battle of Mosul. It subsequently gets shut down for operational security violations.

PHOTO: OLIVIER LE QUEINEC / SHUTTERSTOCK

Page Down
End
Home
Delete
Insert
Print Screen SysRq
F12

THE WALL STREET JOURNAL
Osama Bin Laden, Terror Mastermind, Is Reported Dead
BIN LADEN KILLED
A NATION CELEBRATES
USA TODAY
Osama bin Laden dead, Obama says
Celtics feel the heat
Newsline
A step toward sainthood
NATO says it wasn't targeting Gadhafi; Russia slams attack
Shuttle won't launch before Mother's Day, NASA says
killed him in a targeted operation
THE NEWS TRIBUNE
BIN LADEN SHOT DEAD, ENDING 10-YEAR HUNT
U.S. forces track him down in Pakistan, kill him in firefight
'His death does not mark the end .... We will remain vigilant.'
BARACK OBAMA

The Pentagon initially responds to the rise in unapproved social media postings by servicemembers by shutting off access to popular blogging sites and YouTube. This does not have the intended effect of controlling information.

2006: Milblogs become mil books. A slew of blogs-turned-books get published, including Buzzell's *My War,* and collected anthologies like Doonesbury's *The Sandbox* and Blackfive's *The Blog of War: Front-Line Dispatches From Soldiers in Iraq and Afghanistan*. The irony is that in ten years, no one will read either books or blogs (*wokka wokka*).

June 2008: Yours truly gets his blog, "Kaboom: A Soldier's War Journal," shut down during a tour in Iraq. Don't make fun of your battalion commander on the internet, kids, it will get back to him! Your intrepid hero gets yelled at a lot, but that's pretty much it—partially because a lieutenant colonel at the Pentagon argues that crushing me for blogging is the exact wrong lesson to take away from social media. Is the Green Machine actually learning about twenty-first-century communications?

January 2011: The U.S. Army issues an official social media handbook. I'm sure every soldier out there has read it cover to cover! Given more and more bureaucratic oversight (official and otherwise), servicemembers begin to transition away from public blogs and identifiable Facebook pages to anonymous message boards and Twitter accounts when sharing the real dope. Alas, this scenario is not covered in the handbook.

May 2011: Navy SEALs ice Osama bin Laden, then drop him into the ocean for the sharks to feast upon. Word spreads through Twitter before President Obama officially announces it to the globe. "America, Fuck Yeah!" gets uttered everywhere in earnest. Celebrators gather at the White House. This is the closest thing to a Victory Day parade we'll ever get, and for one dark spring night, things seem okay again.

January 2012: Video of U.S. Marines urinating on corpses of Taliban fighters in Afghanistan goes viral. The video—a few months old at the time of its release—causes immediate blowback, and is cited as the reason for a number of "green on blue" attacks by Afghan soldiers on Coalition servicemembers. One of the Marines involved dies a few years later of a prescription drug overdose. He's buried with honors at Arlington, as his military career was much more than that short clip shown the world over.

April 2012: After years of being a horrific urban legend, a military widow learns of her husband's death in Afghanistan, not from an official next-of-kin visit, but from a Facebook post.

June 2014: At the peak of the ISIS "caliphate" in the Middle East, ISIS social media extremists taunt First Lady Michelle Obama with a meme, using a doctored photo of her holding a "#BringBack Our Humvee" sign. Beyond the trolling, the meme is a reminder that American arms and war machines sometimes end up in the hands of the enemy, a stark complication in an era of local partnerships and coalition-building.

September 2017-2018: Fourteen years after his death in Afghanistan, former NFL star and Army Ranger Pat Tillman becomes a meme. Conservatives angry about Colin Kaepernick's anthem protest turn to the square-jawed likeness of Tillman for comfort—a bizarre projection, given Tillman's own iconoclastic worldview and nontraditional politics. President Trump gets involved, using Tillman's memory and the meme to attack Kaepernick. Tillman's widow issues a thoughtful statement asking that her fallen husband's memory not be politicized; given that it's over 20 words, however, it's unlikely the memers bothered to read it.

Matt Gallagher is a U.S. Army veteran and the author of the Iraq memoir "Kaboom" and the novel "Youngblood." His next book, "Empire City," is an alternate history and will be published in April.

PHOTO: CAROLINA K. SMITH MD / SHUTTERSTOCK

PENTHOUSE LETTERS .COM

Our readers' exotic sexcapades brought to life...

PERMANENT LIFETIME ENLARGEMENT?

Liquids Work Faster Than Pills

Liquids absorb 98% and immediately goes into the body's system.

Dr. Bross advises erection size can be 3 inches bigger, stay harder and can have enlargement for a lifetime when you continue to take **PRO+PLUS LIQUID.**
Size can be bigger in less than 40 days. Men of any age can achieve the highest success rate in 1 to 2 months.
Choose Original, Advanced or Ultimate.
Special up to 6 months FREE.

For more than 30 years Dr. Bross has satisfied millions of men.

Pro+Plus Ultimate does not contain Yohimbe and L-Arginine

Easy To Use.
Take With Any Beverage.

Although liquid is shown to work faster than pills, some men prefer pills and Pro+Plus Ultimate pills are an excellent alternative.

What a difference 3" makes.
Reach Your Maximum Potential

PRO+PLUS XTREME
For Immediate Erections. Effective Up To 12 Hours.
FREE Bottle With Any PRO+PLUS FORMULA

PRO+PLUS ACCELERATOR LIQUID or CREAM
Customers tell us the Accelerator Cream or Liquid can speed up the time it takes for male enhancement up to 50%. Easy to use. Works with any Pro+Plus pills or liquid formula.
You can feel the benefits almost immediately.

FREE with any one year supply of Pro+Plus Ultimate Pills or Liquid Formula

PRO+PLUS MYTMAX
TESTOSTERONE BOOSTER
Powerful herbal formula can increase sexual energy.

Call our live representatives that you can trust to give you important information about our products.
Be careful of discounters, imitators and porn stars that sell similar products on Amazon and Google. Don't buy from sellers who: Don't disclose where their products are made, use inferior blends, can't call them and have no customer service.

SUPER FORMULAS SPECIAL OFFER
See FREE Special Below.

SEXCITER LIQUID
Excites women better than Spanish fly.

ATTRACT-A-MATE
Pheromone spray can make women desire you.

I'm Linda
My husband is away now, but he used the liquid with the Advanced Formula and left me completely satisfied. You can hear the bliss in my voice.
(888)241-9548

I'm Eva
A guy I met in the club uses the Ultimate Formula to fulfill my desires. Hear about our passionate nights.
(888)557-0381

MADE WITH NATURAL INGREDIENTS

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
CALL TOLL FREE ANYTIME • 24/7
Se Habla Español
1-800-378-4689
1-424-644-0987 9 am-5 pm PST (M-F)

www.ProPlusMed.com

SEND ORDER FORM AND PAYMENT TO:
AVID PRO MEDICAL **dept. 912P5A**
Box 6710
Malibu, CA 90264

Phone & Internet Orders specify products and dept. code (shown left, next to company name).

☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Cash

☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard ☐ Amex ☐ Discover

Liquid or Pills ☐ **Liquid** ☐ **Pills**

	MYTMAX Testosterone Booster Can increase sex drive and performance	**Original** For men 18 to 55 who need that extra edge. Can work in 5 to 6 months.	**Advanced** For men 18 to 45 who wants maximum penis enlargement can work in 3 to 4 months.	**Ultimate** Has our highest success rate for any man 18 or older. Any penis size and can work in 2 to 3 months.	
30 Days Supply + 30 Days FREE	☐ $45	☐ $50	☐ $60	☐ $80	$ ______
60 Days Supply + 60 Days FREE	☐ $80	☐ $90	☐ $110	☐ $140	$ ______
120 Days Supply + 120 Days FREE	☐ $110	☐ $130	☐ $160	☐ $200	$ ______
Dr. Bross Recommends One Year Supply To Reach Your Maximum Potential.					
One Year Supply	☐ $150	☐ $170	☐ $210	☐ $240	$ ______

CREDIT CARD NO.

EXPIRES: Month/Year

CVS CODE 3-digit Code on back of card or 4-digits on front of Amex

NAME (print) (I am over 18 and agree to the terms of ProPlusMed.com)

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

EMAIL ADDRESS (optional)

PHONE NUMBER (optional)

Orders discreetly shipped with UPS or Priority Mail.

Foreign Orders – Add $25.00 S&H.

Quantities | Amount

PRO+PLUS XTREME FREE BOTTLE WITH ANY PRO+PLUS LIQUID FORMULA

____ 1 Bottle (8 Capsules)	$14.95	FREE ☐	$ ______
____ 1 Bottle 48 Capsules	$48.75		$ ______

Super Formulas Select **ONE FREE** With Any Pro+Plus Liquid Order.
Three Free With Any 360 Days Supply Of Pro+Plus Liquid

____ **Sexciter Liquid to Excite Women**	$25.00 each	FREE ☐	$ ______
____ **Attract-A-Mate to Attract Women**	$25.00 each	FREE ☐	$ ______
____ **PRO+PLUS Accelerator Liquid**	$25.00 each	FREE ☐	$ ______
____ **PRO+PLUS Accelerator Cream**	$25.00 each	FREE ☐	$ ______
____ **Pleasure Principal DVD** featuring Jon West	$9.95	FREE ☐	$ ______

Pleasure Principal DVD FREE with any Pro+Plus Liquid order 60 days supply or more.

TOTAL PURCHASE:	$ ______
CA Residents add 9% sales tax:	$ ______
Shipping, Rush Service and Insurance $20.00 VALUE ONLY	$ 14.95
TOTAL ENCLOSED OR CHARGED:	$ ______

COPYRIGHT ©1996 PRO+PLUS is a trade name of Avid Pro Medical. Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.

V151

/Penthouse
@Penthouse
FOLLOW US
Penthouse
/PenthouseMag
Penthouse.tumblr.com

Certification: The records, if any, relating to any content in this periodical required to be maintained by 18 U.S.C. § 2257 and 28 C.F.R. § 75.1–75.8 are maintained by the Custodian of Records, Penthouse World Media, LLC., at 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311.

PENTHOUSE (ISSN 0090-2020) U.S. November / December 2019, Volume 35, Number 6 Copyright © 2019 by Penthouse World Publishing LLC. (formally Generation Media Communications, Inc.). All rights reserved. No portion of Penthouse magazine may be reproduced by any means or media without the publisher's prior written permission. Published six times per year in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse World Publishing LLC. (formally GMCI), 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311. Distributed in the U.S., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and elsewhere in the world by Curtis Circulation Company, P.O. Box 9102, Pennsauken, NJ 08109. Periodical postage paid in New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to Penthouse magazine, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235, Tel. 800-289-7368. Publisher disclaims all responsibility to return unsolicited editorial, graphic, or other matter. Submission of letters to Penthouse magazine or its editors irrevocably grants to Penthouse all rights of publication and exploitation in all languages and media throughout the world in perpetuity without compensation, the writer by such submission having granted such rights. All information and materials submitted to Penthouse or Penthouse World Publishing LLC. (formally GMCI) will not be treated as confidential or proprietary. Penthouse and Penthouse World Publishing LLC. (formally GMCI) expressly do not agree to any obligation of confidentiality, non-use, nondisclosure, or any other restrictions with respect to any information and/or materials submitted to Penthouse or Penthouse World Publishing LLC. (formally GMCI). Names, places, and identifying details in submissions may be changed at the editors' discretion. Any similarity between persons and events depicted in fiction or semifiction and real events or persons, living or dead, is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., possessions, APO, and FPO—$24.95 for six issues; Canada, $36.95 for ten issues (includes GST); $36.95 for six issues. Single copies: $8.99 ($9.99 Jan., June, Sept., and Dec. issues) in U.S., Canada, and elsewhere. Canadian GST registration #R126607902. To subscribe, report a subscription problem, or change address in the U.S., call toll-free 800-289-7368; outside the U.S., call 386-447-6361. Please direct all editorial correspondence and inquires to Penthouse, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311.
Advertising offices: Penthouse, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311. Tel. 310-280-1900.
PENTHOUSE, the ThreeKey Logo, the OneKey Logo, Penthouse Pet, Pet of the Month, Penthouse Comix, and Pet of the Year are trademarks of Penthouse World Publishing LLC. (formally GMCI).

PRINTED IN THE CANADA

Certificado de licitud de título No. 8554 de fecha 10 de Noviembre de 1994 y certificado de licitud de contenido No. 5821 de fecha 10 Noviembre de 1994, expedidos por la comisión calificadora de publicaciones y revistas ilustradas, dependiente de la secretaria de gobernación, México. Reserva de título No. 3351/94 de fecha 13 de Diciembre de 1994, expedida por la dirección general del derecho de autor, dependiente de la secretaria de educación publica. 1279882.

READER INFORMATION

TO ORDER A PRINT SUBSCRIPTION: For six issues, please send a U.S.-drawn bank check or money order for $24.95 ($36.95 for foreign residents) to: *Penthouse,* P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235. To order by credit card, call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. or visit penthousemagazine.com. From Canada or elsewhere in the world, call 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) between 8 A.M. and midnight (Eastern Standard Time), Monday through Friday, or from 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. on weekends. Closed holidays.

TO ORDER A DIGITAL SUBSCRIPTION: Visit penthousemagazine.com/digital

TO SOLVE A PRINT SUBSCRIPTION PROBLEM: Write to: *Penthouse,* P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235, or call 800-289-7368 from the U.S. or 386-447-6361 (ask for customer service) from outside the U.S. Hours are 8 A.M. to midnight weekdays, 9 A.M. to 7 P.M. weekends (Eastern Standard Time). Closed holidays. You also can email us at penthouse@emailcustomerservice.com. Editorial and advertising offices cannot resolve subscription problems.

TO CHANGE YOUR ADDRESS: We require eight weeks' advance notice of change of address (to: *Penthouse,* P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235) to ensure that delivery will not be interrupted. Be sure to include your old as well as your new address and zip code.

TO RENEW A PRINT SUBSCRIPTION: We must receive renewal payment two months before the expiration of your current subscription to ensure that you will not miss an issue. Renewal notices are first sent several months before subscriptions are due to expire. If you renew before your current subscription expires, the full term of that renewal will be added to your current subscription.

IF YOU PAID FOR A PRINT SUBSCRIPTION BUT ARE STILL GETTING BILLED: If you have paid a subscription bill and get another bill within four weeks, ignore the new bill. If you have paid a subscription bill more than four weeks before getting another bill, send proof of payment along with your bill to: *Penthouse,* P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0235.

BACK ISSUES: To inquire about the availability and price of back issues, call 888-312-BACK. You must specify the issue precisely (e.g., January/February 2019); we cannot accurately locate back issues based only on such identification as a story title, a story's subject matter, or the picture on the cover. We have back issues available for the previous 12 months.

ARTICLE REPRINTS: To order reprints of articles, obtain permission to photocopy, or receive a copy of a past article, call 310-280-1900. Unauthorized reproduction of any portion of *Penthouse* text constitutes copyright infringement.

To email *Penthouse* editors:
penthouseeditors@penthouse.com

JESSICA JAYMES

1976-2019

AUGUST 2008 PET OF THE MONTH

PENTHOUSE
GOLD
The Gold Standard
In Adult Entertainment
penthousegold.com

PENTHOUSE
TV
Ask your local cable provider